THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Autumn-Death.

BY ROWLAND STICKS, ESQ.

"I am passing away," she said, "and it should be so. The winds have passed over my life, and the bright buds of hope, with the sweet blossoms of love are scattered down, and by withering to the dust." — O. P. PRENTICE.

I.

'Tis autumn time, Mother,
The flowers have passed away;
Fit emblems of my hopes of life,
Soon fateful to decay.
I feel that I must die, Mother,
I'm sinking soon to rest,
The hour-frost soon
Will glaciate me,
The vein cloud o'er my breast.

II.

'Tis autumn time, Mother
The singing birds are gone,
I feel so lonely since I've missed
As notes their joyous tone.
I know that I must die, Mother
And knowing—feel no pain,
The hopes of life
Are bright to none
But death to me is gain.

III.

You'll see him when I'm dead, Mother!
When life's last pang hath past—
Then say—I lov'd him unto death,
Forgiving to the last.
You'll give to him this lock, Mother,
And grant my lowly prayer,
That he may mark
In no outside soul,
The attack of Passion's care.

IV.

I know I'm dying now, Mother,
I feel my heart-strings rend;
I'm glad I'll die on the day of autumn's gall,
My sorrows soon must end.
You'll gave to him—the hair, Mother
And of my love these tell,
Press on my brow,
The gentle kind,
Dear Mother! Fare thee well.

Catholic, Pa. Nov. 16th, 1840.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Henry Milman.

BY ALFRED HARRELL.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears,
The rose is sweetest wash'd in morning dew,
And love is tenderest when cumbered in tears.

On the banks of the Delaware, some ten or twenty miles from Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania side, stands a large white mansion surrounded by extensive and tasteful grounds. To the right of it stands a large cluster of American forest trees, and to the left a fine peach orchard. In front, a beautiful lawn slopes gradually to the river's edge, where it terminates in a terrace, with a Chinese pavilion in the centre, producing a handsome and picturesque effect, as seen by travellers on the river.

The occupants of this mansion, at the time our tale commences, consisted of Mr. Drummond, his wife and daughter Emily, and Mr. Felix Drummond, a very eccentric gentleman, in his fifty-fifth year, and withal an old bachelor. Besides those individuals, there resided, occasionally, a young person, Henry Milman, an orphan, with whose future history, and that of Miss Emily we have yet to do.

Mr. Drummond was several years the junior of his brother Felix, and had married at an early age. By some fortunate speculations, he created a sufficient sum, in the commencement of his life, to render him, with a moderate pittance of his wife, independently rich. Of a suspicious and cautious habit, he had accumulated and increased that wealth in a great extent; and, at the time our narrative commences, was considered by all who knew him, to be a very wealthy man, and reserved, of course, his full meed of the world's praise, and admiration therefor. Mrs. Drummond, a woman of a naturally generous and amiable disposition, prized less the world, and the world's opinions than did her husband. She thought more of the happiness of the immediate circle comprising her household than of the empty worldly show which influenced him in all his actions,—consequently all who knew her, admired and esteemed. Mr. Felix (or as he was usually known in the family, "Uncle Felix,") had his fortune acquired a moderate fortune by his industry in his youth; and though it was neither so large, nor so highly valued by him as his brother's was, yet was he more happy and contented in the enjoyment of it. From a disappointment in his matrimonial plans in youth, he had lived a single life; and on the demise of their parents, with whom he had before resided in the city, had accepted the invitation of his brother to make his home with him and his family. His occupations consisted principally of reading, walking with his horse, and taking snuff, and as his clothes had been for twenty years before, so were they now. An anecdote was told by the individual who had served him in the capacity of tailor, that because he had ventured to curtail the flowing shirt of his coat, he had been threatened with a dismissal should the like again occur.

Of the characters and dispositions of the other two personages of our tale, the reader will know more anon, and let this slight sketch of the past history of Henry Milman suffice for the present.

At the age of fourteen he had been left an orphan, his parents dying within a few weeks of each other, and it was owing to the kindness and protection of Uncle Felix, who had him educated and placed at a respectable profession, that he became acquainted with the other portion of the Drummond family; and such a general favorite was he, and particularly with Mrs. Drummond, that he was considered as almost belonging to the family, and scarcely a Sunday passed without seeing him at their house. The excellent education he had received, and his gentlemanly, unassuming deportment, fitted him as an associate for any society which he chanced to meet there. And the handsome and ingenious countenance made him a general object of favor with those who knew him, especially the young ladies.

Affairs continued on in this manner for several years. From a pretty, interesting child, Emily grew up a beautiful girl, accomplished and artless, and, like her mother, possessed of qualities that endeared her to every heart. Of a middling stature and full form, with light golden hair, and eyes of deepest blue, with a complexion purely pale and red, she was indeed beautiful. Her high arched brow, and exquisitely moulded features spoke the stamp of intellect; and the gentle, lingering glance spoke a soul of feeling.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
And to consummate all,
Greatness of mind."—

Such a being was Emily, in her seventeenth spring.

It is most likely, that the opinions and relations of the family would not have been disturbed, or their general harmony and peace ruffled up, and rendered discordant, for a time, had it not been for a circumstance which took place, and which rendered the feelings of the young people more susceptible of the machinations of the insinuating and insidious God—Cupid. A picnic party was to be held at the mansion, to be followed by a ball in the evening in honor of Emily's birth day. The day came, and the party were assembled on the lawn enjoying themselves with the eagerness of youth in pursuit of happiness. Even Uncle Felix deserted his study, or, rather curiosity shop, and drew forth his best snuff box, walking about cracking his old-fashioned jokes; calling forth many a hearty laugh by their originality and wit. Mr. Drummond, too, had full opportunity of showing his pompous love of self, and gratifying his passion for display. And his wife, ever busy in making all happy and attending to her guests, found herself pleased and delighted with all around.

The night closed in, and the consonance of the party was undisturbed. The ball-room was lighted up, and the music arrived; Henry claimed Emily's hand for the lead, and the first quadrilles was danced. After it was over, the party strolled about the grounds enjoying the balmy softness and sweet fragrance of one of the last evenings of spring. Several of the company, including Henry and Emily, sauntered to the pavilion. The full moon was just rising over the pines of New Jersey, and as it rose above their level, it shed a stream of light like molten silver on the chiming tide. Emily rose from her seat, and advancing to the front of the pavilion, gazed on the tranquil and beautiful scene before her. A number of small sail-boats were gliding leisurely along with the tide—their white sails scarcely reflecting in the unusual bright moon, appearing in strong contrast with the dark line of trees on the opposite shore. Emily intimated a wish for a glass of water, and Henry hastened to procure it from a small fountain, which threw its sparkling jet over a marble basin a short distance from the pavilion. While stooping, a shriek from the party whom he had left, and a heavy plunge in the water, called him hastily back to the spot. The rattling against which Emily had been leaning was gone. The truth flashed upon his mind, and throwing off his coat he sprang into the river. A few yards below him, still floating on the water, lay the form of Emily—her light dress supporting her on the water. A few vigorous strokes brought him to her side, and grasping her round the waist, he swam toward the shore. The tide had hurried them out some distance, and ere he reached the shore, he was well nigh exhausted, but collecting his strength, he made a powerful exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank.

Meanwhile the party in the pavilion had alarmed the company, and the father, rushing to the water's edge, frantically, implored those around him to save his daughter,—while the agonized and affrighted mother and guests, stood paralyzed with fear and horror at the catastrophe. Henry gained the bank, and staggering, yielded his burden to her friends, and fell to the ground from exhaustion.

The accident broke up the party. Uncle Felix, his sedated Henry to be carried to his own chamber, and put to bed, when he insisted upon selling up all night with him, and making him drink a large glass of his favorite beverage, gin and water. Emily soon recovered, under proper treatment, and was carefully attended to. And in the morning they both were sufficiently recovered to be able to see each other. Mrs. Drummond caught Henry in her arms as he entered the room, and embracing him with a mother's affection, led him to her daughter, who, seated in a cushioned chair, sorrowfully smiled on him as he took and pressed her extended hand. As he gazed on her pale, beautiful face, a new emotion filled his bosom.—He had never thought of Emily, other than the child of his protector and benefactor; but the accident of the previous evening, had opened his eyes as to the true state of his feeling toward her. He thought her beautiful before, but now she seemed to unbreast her former self in lovelier hue. He loved! Mrs. Drummond, perceiving, we suppose, the truth of the old adage, "two is company, three is none," pleaded some excuse, how often—how harshly have they grated on the better and kinder feelings of our nature, and how often have we buried ourselves in its unchanging embraces, to forget, if but for a moment, the sad realities of the pre ent, when compared with what had been our expectations of it in past hours!

But a few minutes elapsed, after the unseen departure of Mr. Drummond, before a servant entered with a message to "Mr. Milman, requesting his presence in the library, as soon as he was disengaged." Henry immediately signified his intention of waiting on him, and imprinting a kiss on her rosy lip, left the room. On entering the library, he found Mr. Drummond seated at a small table, with a package of papers, and an executors oon before him. He looked upto Henry, as he advanced toward where he was seated, and coldly asked him to "be seated."

"Mr. Milman," he commenced, the had always called him *Henry* previously, "I have sent for you, to discharge the debt I conscientiously owe you, for your attentions to my daughter last evening. And let me say, sir, that the action reflects much credit on your character. Accept this, then, as a trifling remuneration for the danger you underwent."

As he finished, he extended a note of $500 to him.

"Sir," replied Henry, "there are some actions service of mine, to such an one."

"You are a young man, I have no doubt, who wishes to enter into business for himself," continued Mr. Drummond, without heeding his offered attentions. "I shall be pleased to hear from you whenever an opportunity offers, and shall always see you with pleasure."

"I thank you, for your kindness, sir; I am poor, but all the wealth you possess, could not buy the gratitude which actuated me last evening."

"Let me understand you, sir," said Mr. Drummond, raising his eyes, without moving his head, to Henry's.

"Mr. Drummond, I have had the honor of knowing your family since a boy of fourteen;—not an I insensible to the kindness I have ever experienced from them. I am now a man; capable of acting and providing for myself. I have grown up from a child, with Miss Drummond,—but until this morning, I did not think I entertained a feeling higher than friendship for her. I was mistaken."

"Well, sir," interrupted his listener, "go on"

"This morning, I presumed so much as to acknowledge my love for her!"

"You did, eh!" And what have you to support your pretensions to my daughter's hand and fortune."

"An honest name, and a strong, undying love!"

"Very good qualities, by the lacts of a novel, I must confess," answered Mr. Drummond, with a slight sneer. "But the intended husband of my daughter, must have more and greater in fluence in society than these."

"When you were of my age, sir,—what had you, but that which you possess in, so highly?"

"Here, Mr. Milman, is your note. But you must think of my daughter as of a being far above your rank in society." And taking his hat up, and placing the papers in the escritoire, he did, perhaps it would be better if you called not to see us again, for the present, at any rate," and bowing, he left the room.

Henry was left in a state of mind not easily to be described. A feeling of contempt for his sordid and avaricious passions, was, perhaps, partly allayed by the reflection, that he was also Emily's father, and thus, too, aided him in soothing his own agitated and excited mind. To accept the money he had proffered to him, he was determined not to do. He resolved to seek Uncle Felix, and state to him what had passed; he rose for that purpose, and proceeded to his study.

"Why, how now, Henry. What has happened with you, my boy?" said he, as he entered his room—one would think you had been signing your own death warrant."

"I fear I have, sir, in one respect, but ten certainly," he answered. He then related the incidents of the morning to him, and his interview with Mr. Drummond. During the narration, the snuff-box came several times into use, and the large pinches of "black rappee," evinced the strong interest he took in its details; and once or twice he had recourse to his "kerchief. When Henry had concluded, he took off his old fashioned spectacles, and, wiping, re-placed them, and said,

"Henry, I have been thinking myself, this morning, on the probabilities of your falling in love with you, I don't see why money should be a hinderance to you. There is nothing like getting married at once. I will speak to brother about it. Are you sure she loves you, boy? But she must wait till my return,—but don't touch that fowling piece," and with two or three more injunctions to the like effect, he left the room.

Henry had full time for thought,—and taking up a large quarto, he listlessly turned over the leaves in deep abstraction. He began to hope, that the reasonings, or rather the wealth, of Uncle Felix, would have its due effect on the mind of his brother. While he was thus arguing with his contentions and conjectures what would be the probable result of the interview of the brothers, Mrs. Drummond sought her daughter. She was looking anxiously for the return of Henry,—for she instinctively feared her father would object to her marriage with Henry. As her mother entered, she discovered the traces of emotion and anxiety on her countenance.

"Mother!" was all she could say, as she threw herself, weeping, into her mother's arms.

"My child!" said Mrs. Drummond, tenderly kissing her. "What has disturbed you so?"

"He loves me, mother!" and she told all that had passed between Henry and herself.

"And do you love him, my dear child!" inquired her mother, in an affectionate tone.

Emily threw her arms round her mother's neck, and hiding her blushing face in her bosom, scarcely whispered, "I do, indeed, dear mother."

"You have done well, my dear daughter, in telling me; for I fear your father will be angry. But you have my consent and blessing."

"Thank you, thank you! mother," and she eagerly kissed her mother's cheek. "And do you think father will be angry?" she timidly asked.

"I fear he will; but here is Uncle Felix." And as she spoke he entered.

"Listen," he said, "brother is getting foolish, go talk to him. The young folks must have their own way in this affair." And pulling the bell he told the servant to ask Mr. Henry down to the drawing-room. After a few moments conversation with his niece, and all cheerfully bidding them to keep their spirits up, he left them with an injunction on Henry not to steal any more kisses.

For two hours they were left to the undisturbed interchange of feeling and of love. It is a singular trait in the character of lovers, that they can talk a whole day without intermission on their future prospects, and present transitory happiness, without their minds being sated, or their imaginations cloyed. Poor frail human nature! That which is entirely uninteresting to others, is of more import to them than the rise and fall of nations to the world. In those two hours the first affections of the "happy two" were plighted to each other. The first confessions of a woman's love is like the first bouquet of spring, a rich and rare present. Happy is he who gains them, and thrice happy is he who "wins and wears them."

Uncle Felix, on leaving the young people, hastened to join Mr. and Mrs. Drummond in the library, and to "settle the matter in hand" as he quaintly expressed himself.

"Madam," said Mr. Drummond, as Uncle Felix entered, "I have made up my mind that the young man must henceforth be a stranger to my house and family."

"Nay, my dear husband, consider that they are both attached to each other, and"—

"And," interrupted Uncle Felix, "they must be married. Come brother," said he, turning to Mr. Drummond, "it is no use to talk after that fashion. I shall settle the whole of my property on my adopted son, and that, I trust, will remove all scruples on that score, and if not, all interference on our part will be useless for I left them together talking over their future prospects at a rate that will prevent any thing but a race-horse overtaking them."

"Well, Felix, you have out-generalled me, and as Henry is a worthy young man I cannot now object to it."

"I'm glad that you have changed your mind, brother," said Uncle Felix, "for I was going to propose to them to run off! But let us go and see them!" and he led the way to the setting room.

Three months after, a bridal party was collected at the mansion; never was a happier one assembled under the face of day, or with brighter auspices. Uncle Felix actually danced at the wedding, and cracked more jokes than he had ever been known to do before. And it is said that the descendants of that happy pair still reside in the "white house with the Chinese pavilion."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Locket.

BY R. J. PORTER.

Keep it—yes keep it for my sake!"

Keep it—this simple twisted ring,
When I am wandering far away,
Will to thy recollection bring
Where'er thoughts of mine a-ray gone day.
Keep it—the talismanic power
That in its little circle lives,
Shall ride away a weary hour,
When thy lone bosom sorrowing grieves.
It will recall the parting word,
So softly, sorrowfully spoken,
In half breath'd accents faintly heard,
Yet, O! how deep—how fraught with charm.
But do it ever pass on it,
When happy faces smile around thee,
Whose joyously the moments fly,
And earth's gay pageantry surrounds thee.
I would not that one thought of me,
Upon thy lips should e'er intrude,
And sorrow, dearest, flow from that,
The hour of thy heart's solitude.
When thou'rt in silent loneliness
The many moments numbering,
Or let our latest fond caress
Be by the sparkle ring.
I would not that a tear should dim
The brightness of that deep blue eye,
Nor that one heaving thought of thine
You love, over thy festivity.
A kindness prompted would fling, but when
Thy gay companions all are gone,
And quenched the festive lamps, oh, then
Let every thought be mine alone.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1840.

The American Monthlies.

From White's Southern Literary Messenger

The German's Daughter.

(Continued from our last.)

Argument was useless, the old man was inflexibly resolved.

Yet what had I to fear? I had been used to the unbounded indulgence of my parents. It did not, therefore, enter into my mind that I need now apprehend their severity in an affair in which I felt the whole happiness of my life to be engaged. I was now, however, as impatient to obey their summons as I had before been disquieted at it; and after another long interview with Julie, I left the cottage. But I carried with me one annoyance. In spite of her attachment, which she did not affect to conceal, she had, with a firmness which pained me, and a dignity which I admired as much as I could admire any thing so little flattering to my self-love, assured me that she concurred with her father in his scruples; and that, if my parents should withhold their consent, she must with whatever sacrifice of feeling, abide by the resolution he had expressed. I had derided the idea that my parents could interfere with what they must certainly confess to be so entirely my own affair. Julie had gravely replied, "that she feared I would find the existence of prejudice more extended than I was willing to believe," and hereupon we parted—my thoughts dwelling much upon a firmness of decision which I could not help regarding almost as a cold return for my own unbounded affection.

"Henry," cried my father, when he met me upon the steps of his own house, "I am delighted to see you, my son. Ah! and my horses are in high condition too. Why that is well. Come in, come in! You look extremely well—how very warm it is to day!"

"Henry," said my mother, half rising from her sofa to extend her hand, "I am really very glad you are come. Now I have some one to tell of all the things I have been seeing."

I thought you were never at a loss ma'am. But I too am rejoiced to see you both again, for I have to ask your sanction to the most important event of my life."

"You han't got into any scrape!" exclaimed my father.

"Scrape! no sir, certainly not."

"You are not going to the western country!" said mamma.

"Oh! no—of course I'm not! But, father, I am engaged—that is—sir, I assure you she is the loveliest creature in the world!"—

"In love, Henry!" said my parents. There was "an awful pause."

"Is she rich!" asked my father at last, in a tone which meant—I could not guess exactly what, but it was much too deliberate to please me.

"N—not unless in beauty and excellence."

"May be then she is poor, sir!" in a voice of dry contempt.

I was too much nettled to reply.

"What is her family!" asked mamma. "That is a more weighty consideration."

"Good heavens! my dear madam, what a question! She is a daughter of a most respectable German gentleman."

"Of a foreign pauper!" cried my father, "that's well for your discretion!"

"Of some low-born foreigner!" exclaimed my mother, with all the emphasis of scorn.

"What nonsense!" continued my father.

"This is a pretty story to bring home, after all our indulgence—all our hopes!" observed my mother. "Don't expect me to consent to your throwing yourself away in this ridiculous manner. I assure you I never will receive such a person into my family."

"Nor I, by heaven!" added my father.

I tried the effect of representations, arguments, even entreaties. I begged them only to see—to know her before they should decide. As well might I have indeed offered my eloquence to the ear of "the deaf adder." They treated my reasoning with derision, and my prayers with excessive indignation.

"They should never lend themselves to aid in bringing into their family a vulgar set of artful foreigners."

"Then," cried I, flushing high at this last speech, "in a month more I shall be of age, and without the sanction I have so vainly sought, I will then unite my fate with that of the beautiful creature you reject so blindly."

"Do," said my father, contemptuously. "It will be so heroic."

"But do not bring her here, I beg of you," added my mother.

I left the room in a perfect rage. Never was family meeting so inharmoniously interrupted. I immediately wrote to Julie, communicating this prostration of my hopes, but declaring my resolve to return as soon as I should be of age, and receive my sentence only from herself.

My father also wrote to Mr. Brunfels by the same post, though at the time I was not aware of his having taken this step. He did not hesitate to express the most decided repugnance to my union with Julie, nor, indeed, to give his reasons for the dislike. His more than insinuated, as I afterward found, his suspicions that I had been the dupe of an artful fortune-hunteress. In conclusion, he declared that if Mr. Brunfels should permit this marriage to occur, it would be at the price of my total separation from my family; as my mother and himself were equally determined never to receive as their daughter a woman who could force herself upon them, in a manner so little indicative of proper pride. For the rest, it was true that I was independent of himself, and that he could not prevent my acting as I pleased. This was therefore the only mode he could adopt, by which he had even a chance of arresting a step which he dreaded beyond expression. Were there any means open to him whereby he could more effectually oppose it, Mr. Brunfels might rest assured he would prefer any course to an appeal which, even in making it, he felt to be hopeless. The tone of this last precious epistle I long afterward extracted from my mother.

It was not long after the departure of these letters before I received one in reply from Mr. Brunfels. Sir, I have it here. Do listen to it, Mrs. Vere, and tell me what you conceive to have been my feelings, when I had first a comprehension of its contents.

When my dear young friend first communicated to me his wish to unite himself to my daughter, the opinion I had formed of his character, and the affection I had conceived for himself, alike rendered me happy in the prospect of his alliance. Last week alone, said I to myself, in the silence of my study, could I have been certain of his constancy, such a thought of experience, and his limited years, as I was then, forbade. Last week, however, I told my young friend that I foresaw a difficulty, and the event has proved my foresight only too accurate. I am glad that I have not had to be too suspicious of character—for that has probably indeed to reconcile him to the decision which I feel now with pain pronounce. Mr. Pembroke and my daughter must never meet again. To the objections is imposed by his father I have nothing to reply. I have said, I trust, no little dignity of bearing as to desire to remove them, and for my daughter I can personally say that she has resolved with the view of my alliance to banish it; could be imagined that she brought only humiliations. I shall receive all communication with the kind Mr. Pembroke, and the substance of his friendly letter precludes the possibility of my exchanging a line on the subject of Julie's affection. I could not, without acting contrary to the dictates of a father upon an only son and thus cause most present the happiness for which I have hoped in the early of Mr. Henry Pembroke to consent to my daughter. That consideration is scarcely worthy of a moment's regret. Let pain and disappointment be mine—I will not add to the misery of another by the temptation

"And your mother?"

"Joined the Episcopal church, and has since been so completely entrenched in its forms and discipline, that I might now marry 'the miller's lovely daughter,' without interference from her newly found humility. The sacrifice has therefore been vain, as all overstrained exertions of sentiment usually are!"

"And you cannot forget this unlucky attachment?"

"To have known Julie, Mrs. Vere, is to remember her always! No, never can I cease to regret the annihilation of my early hopes!—never shall I seek the smile of another woman—never anticipate any thing more tolerable than weariness of spirit!"

"Don't make any such idle resolution. Turn a manly heart to the realities of life, and, take my word for it, you will regain hope, and find its object. To be not less felicitous than your friend Mr. Brunfels, I will assure you that 'every dog has his day.'"

"And I have had mine!"

"No, it is yet in store for you. Rely upon my prophecy! Good will verify it."

"No prophecy except of good, can emanate from you,—but will fate bear it out?"

"Let us hope!"

Pembroke sighed heavily, and took his hat.

"I have fatigued you, Mrs. Vere—but the story is at an end, and as I am obliged to leave your city for New York to-morrow, I must take my leave. Good evening!"

"Stay!—When will you return?"

"Is this Monday? I will see you on Saturday evening."

Pembroke left the room. After he was gone, Mrs. Vere threw down her work, in aid of which, lights had been introduced into the room half an hour before, and seated herself beside the window which looked toward "the opposite house." She had half forgotten Pembroke's romance, and was thinking, as she looked upward to the little stretch of dark sky and glittering stars, which the street-walls and roofs permitted her to gaze upon, of many a dearer scene in her native Virginia, when on a sudden, from the keys of a remarkable well-toned piano, again rang the air which had aroused Mr. Pembroke's recollections at an earlier hour of the evening. It was only a symphony, however, and was succeeded by a rich burst of song, through which the same melody ran to German words, and a full and brilliant accompaniment. Mrs. Vere, little as she cared for music, was struck with the sweetness of the singer's voice, and, as she listened, conceived a strange suspicion.

"This is really a singular occurrence," she said to herself. "I have often observed the children who come out of that house, and I have seen the senior members of the family, as they came upon the street—fat, vulgar looking souls they all are! And I have sometimes thought the lady who follows those terrible little creatures, to judge from her fine figure, and delicacy of dress—even from her air and gait, which I remember looked languid and southern—must be a person entirely different from the people with whom she lives—she cannot be their relation. I should like to know more about her. But I cannot draw upon myself such visitors as the rest of the family seem to be.

"Ah! well—I have it now, and if to-morrow be a fine day—I wonder," added the lady, yawning and returning to her work, "if Mr. Vere will ever come in again!"

The two next days were chill and rainy. Mrs. Vere sat at the window—unwonted occupation!—and watched the clouds, for she had a fancy in her head, and longed to follow it out.

Thursday came, and with it sunshine. Again Mrs. Vere took her seat at the window, and fixed her eyes upon the opposite house. After a time the children came out for their walk. Mrs. Vere's face clouded, for the governess was not with them. Nevertheless she put on her bonnet, and followed them down the street.

The group paused at a window at one of the corners, and a stupid maid-servant, by whom they were attended, began to point their attention to various attractive articles, which hung in full view. So charming an opportunity was not to be lost. Mrs. Vere stepped briskly forward, as if in some haste, and apparently quite by accident, trod upon the toes of one of the youngest children. Of course the child screamed—for it is a mere figure of speech which declares that the step of a delicate lady will hardly bend a grass-blade. The infant sufferer with tears attested the solidity of the pressure of Mrs. Vere's foot, which, nevertheless, was extremely pretty and small, as we have elsewhere noticed. She was immediately full of regrets—and "hoped that Master Stubbs"—

"Lord bless me!" said the maid, "his name is Simmons—Waverley Devereux Simmons." Well. I am grieved to see you suffer, Master Simmons. Let us step into this confectioner's shop, my little dear, and see if we cannot find something to lessen the pain?"

"What cat's averse to fish?" asks Gray. What child ever withstood candy, is another question, in plainer prose.

Mrs. Vere entered Parkinson's with a train of eight, of which number the stupid maid-servant constituted an unit. Liberally did Mrs. Vere 'treat,' and, as a consequence, liberally did the charming children prattle. Mrs. Vere went into the conversation with enthusiasm.

"What delightful children you are!" she said. "But why don't you have a governess to walk out with you instead of the servant?"

"We has," said Waverly Devereux, who seemed to think he had paid a price sufficient to entitle him to the office of spokesman.

"Have, Waverely Devereux, have!" said the eldest Miss Simmons. "You know Miss Julia told you not to say 'has.'"

"Oh, you have a governess, then?" said Mrs. Vere.

"Yes, but to-day she is not well, and mamma said she had better not come out."

"What is her name?"

"She is called Miss Julia."

"Nothing else?"

"I never heard her called anything, but Miss Julia."

"Has she lived with you long?"

"Oh! yes, a long time."

"How long?"

"I do not know."

"Won't you have some more dough-nuts, Master Waverley Devereux?" asked Mrs. Vere.—"And what are you all named, my dears?"

"I," said the eldest Miss Simmons, "am named Theodolinda Anne, and here is Isabella Marianne, and this is Emmeline Abigail, and this is Gustavus Fitzclarence, and you trod upon Waverley Devereux's toes, you know, and this little fellow here, is Macalbin Rochefoucault."

"What a clever lady your 'ma must be!" said Mrs. Vere. "Doesn't she read a great many novels?"

"Oh! that she does," answered Miss Simmons, "and so would I—only Miss Julia says I am too young to read such things yet."

"Miss Julia is a paragon—isn't she?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Simmons.

"No—I forgot you couldn't judge of that.—Well here are candy and dough-nuts for all of you. I wish I could stay to see you eat them, but, though I am sure that would not take very long, I cannot spare time for it—and I would take leave of you all by name if I could—but that is out of the question."

"I do think, Miss," said the maid, after they were again in the street, and when Mrs. Vere had tripped out of hearing, "I do think that the lady was laughing at us."

"I don't," answered Theodolinda Anne. "See how much candy she has given us. Gracious goodness me! do you call this laughing?"

"Not this, Miss," replied the maid—but she could not easily explain her idea, and it was finally lost.

Friday—but Mrs. Vere was obliged to visit the mother of Mr. Vere, who was suddenly seized with illness, and she did not return until late in the evening to her own house. But on Saturday morning, bright and early, she put on her bonnet and gloves once again, and seated herself at the window to watch for the procession of Simmonses.

They came, one by one, to the number of eight, and "thanks be to fortune!" cried Mrs. Vere, starting up, "the last is the governess!"

Mrs. Vere was upon the pavement in half a minute more.

She followed the youthful party to one of those beautiful squares which add so greatly to the attractions of the 'city of brotherly love,' and which, filled as they are with fine trees, and carpeted with rich turf, inspire a stranger with even stronger admiration of the taste and liberality of the inhabitants, than does the architectural embellishment of their streets. This one adornment speaks of a sentiment that returns to nature—of a provision for health, the greatest of human enjoyments, and for the gratification of innocent feelings, which can steal from the hurry and engagements of business and pleasure, to revive, upon some sunny day, amidst the comparative quiet of those half rural squares, all the freshness of early associations. Their boasted splendors of stone and mortar, on the other hand, speak to the mind of the wealth and prosperity of the citizens, perhaps of their pride and of their power. But there are a few among us ignorant that the old earth bears upon her breast many monuments of human skill, industry and design, with which those of our country cannot stand comparison, and, neither vast enough to influence our imaginations, nor hallowed by the touch of eld, their beauty says little to the heart. We cannot worship wealth, in whatever shrine she may be placed, in a land to whose institutions luxury must be fatal, corrupting as it is to the soul of patriotism. But wherever we find nature, our spirits involuntarily rise to adoration, and no where with more enthusiasm, than in the city-limits in which we looked out for her presence. *Had Pembroke been* sauntering through the square, we feel that such would have been his reflections. As, however, it was only Mrs. Vere who tripped along in quest of the governess, none such were made. She pursued the train of Simmonses, and not a train of thought. She soon managed to bring herself in front of the party.

"How are you this morning, Miss Simmons? Master Waverley Devereux, I trust your toes are better?"

"This is Miss Julia?" cried Theodolinda Anne, without seeming to consider that there was any abruptness in her style of introduction.—"Now is she not beautiful, exactly as I said?"

So deep a color overspread the fine face into which Mrs. Vere glanced, that it even awakened the sympathies of her own maturer cheek. She, too, blushed a little, and apologised politely.

The young lady would allow for the enthusiasm of youthful affection. Her proteges had been praising their instructress a few days ago, and their desire to prove their own accuracy of taste was, perhaps, outrunning the limits of strict courtesy. But even this slight forgetfulness of form might be admitted to be flattering. She begged leave to avail herself at least of the means it offered her, to introduce herself—she had perhaps heard the name of Mrs. Vere, who lived in the house just opposite to Mrs. Simmons. The young lady received this frank address with more reserve than pleasure. She did, indeed, know Mrs. Vere by sight, and she had heard of her as a person much in fashionable circles, but neither circumstance appeared to her a claim to her acquaintance. Until this moment she had supposed this lady ignorant of her existence even, and so bold a stroke for her friendship was scarcely a recommendation to it.

"By what name might Mrs. Vere hereafter claim her companion's notice?"

"My name is Julie Brunfels," said the young lady, astonished to perceive that the coldness with which she made this short reply, had no manner of effect upon Mrs. Vere's cordiality.

"Julie Brunfels! Ah is that indeed possible?"

"What surprises you, madam?" asked Julie, almost haughtily.

"I thought you had been in Europe?"

"In Europe? This is really bewildering!" exclaimed Julie. "What do you know of me, madam? Even of my identity with Julie Brunfels you were but a moment ago uncertain, and yet you seem to know something of my past life."

"Ah! come to my house this evening, and I will astonish you farther," said Mrs. Vere, laughing delightedly and holding out both hands. "I am a Virginian, and so are you. Is there any need of farther ceremony between us—so far from home as we both are here? I tell you I am a Virginian! Such being the case, will you come and see me this evening? I shall be quite alone, and I have much to tell you that concerns yourself. You know perhaps enough of my standing in society to tolerate my name on your visiting list?"

"My visiting list!" replied Julie with a smile, but no longer withholding her hand.

"Ah! well—you *will* have such a thing, some time or other, and my name must have a place on it. But seriously, will you come and see me this evening? I assure you I have something to communicate important to yourself."

"To me!" said Julie, "that can hardly be—but as you think it important enough to take this trouble, I will certainly attend you."

"And meanwhile do not be uneasy. I have nothing unpleasant to reveal."

"I have no fears," said Julie, sorrowfully—"no fears, for I have no kindred."

"Except your father."

"He has been dead three years," said Julie, and tears sprang to her eyes.

"Forgive me—I did not mean to pain you."

"His death," continued Julie, "prevented our voyage to Europe. When *he* was gone, I had no temptation to venture beyond the limits of my native land. I possessed independence, but I needed a friend, and in Mrs. Simmons, with whom I accidentally became acquainted, at the hotel where my father lodged, I found a very sincere one. After his death, I accepted her offer to receive me into her family as a governess—for she object to the common modes of city education—and with her, for the sake of protection, I came hither."

"And what is become of dear old Mariechen?"

"You seem most accurately informed as to all that relates to me," said Julie, with a grave smile. "Mariechen is with me, in a new, and not a very useful capacity—lady's maid."

"Ah! that completes my joy in this discovery! Well, I may positively expect you?"

"Yes."

"And now—are these Simmonses kind to you?" this was said aside.

"Exceedingly kind, indeed."

"What a host of young friends you are training up 'in the way they should go!' I suppose these are all of the infant Simmonses?"

"No, there is one still younger at home."

"What is his name? he has one, hasn't he?"

"He is called Adolphus Methuselah," said Julie, reluctantly.

"I think Mrs. Simmons has more taste than any one I ever new!"

Julie smiled. Theodolinda Anne, who, with her mouth open, had watched their whole progress toward intimacy, now broke in upon it.

"Mrs. Vere?"

"Well?"

"*Were* you laughing at us in the confectioner's shop, the other day?"

"I? My dear child, what a naughty idea!"

"I was sure you were not," said Theodolinda Anne, in a tone which showed how much she was relieved by this ingenious evasion.

"Remember this evening!" said Mrs. Vere, turning to Julie. "And now farewell, one and all."

In the evening Julie appeared at Mrs. Vere's. That lady resumed her old seat at the window, and seemed to gaze down the street, at intervals, with extreme interest. She talked, however, of a hundred different things—ran on most volubly—touched upon Virginia, and her recollections were brought forward in a voice full of tenderness—found her way back to Philadelphia, and one would have fancied, from the levity of her discourse, that she had no heart at all.

Presently as she still continued to gaze down —— street, her countenance assumed an expression of sudden pleasure, and she paused—

"Will you not tell me," said Julie, taking advantage of her silence, "will you not tell me what agreeable intelligence I am here to learn?"

"Oh! I will directly. Certainly, yes—but first can you remember having sung on Monday evening, a very beautiful German song?"

"I was, I remember, singing a German song, which has associations for me."

"And I assure you for me also," said Mrs. Vere. "Here," she added, hurriedly throwing open a piano, "just sing it once for me, without hesitation, or apology, for which I've now no time—ay, in your best style—and I'll tell you any thing in the world you wish to know!"

Julie thought her hostess entirely out of her wits. Nevertheless, obedient to the haste of the impetuous lady, she played the symphony at once.

"Ah!" muttered Mrs. Vere, giving one more look from the window, "he has his hand upon the lock—it is open—he hears the air, and that stops him!"

She glided to the side of Miss Brunfels, whose beautiful voice had now mingled with the notes of the accompaniment. The door flew open, and Henry Pembroke entered. Julie started, and looked toward him. The recognition was of course instant. Mrs. Vere said not a word of greeting, but nodded triumphantly to Pembroke, as she left the room; delicately drawing the door after her as she did so, and actually taking the trouble to order her footman to admit no other guest during the evening.

When two or three hours had elapsed, Mrs. Vere returned to her drawing-room, looking extremely unconscious, and under pretence of seeking for her work. She found events proceeding upon velvet. The brilliancy of Julie's eyes and color was really exquisite, and Pembroke looked ten times handsomer than ever, now that the cloud upon his face was displaced by sunshine. Mrs. Vere had managed too discreetly to feel herself one too many.

"Miss Brunfels," she said, when Julie rose to return home, "I have a plan for you."

"Indeed?—what is it?"

"Why I have a charming room up stairs—just the cage to hold a singing bird—and I long to have it occupied. Can you not leave the Simmonses to train their own young ideas, and come and be my guest awhile?"

Pembroke, very officiously, took it upon himself at once to recommend the scheme. Young men are sometimes dreadfully presuming.

"These Simmonses," answered Julie, smiling, "were kind to me when I had no other friends. Will it be quite proper to leave them, 'to train their own young ideas' as soon as"——

"Quite proper, I think!" interrupted Mrs. Vere.

"And so do I," said Pembroke.

"But," replied Julie, "I am afraid I could not satisfy my own heart of the propriety of such a measure. No—I fear I must continue in office until another governess can be found."

"I shall call upon Mrs. Simmons, then," said Mrs. Vere, "and settle the point myself."

And now, reader, is there any thing more that you would learn? No, for your sagacity has already out-ran my pen. You have already foreseen the removal of Julie to the house of Mrs. Vere—the wedding preparations—the bridal itself, and the departure of the happy couple for the south. You have also discovered that Mariechen was installed as housekeeper, as soon as they 'settled down' in their country establishment, and that the elder Mrs. Pembroke, after a time, perfectly doted upon her daughter-in-law. You have farther guessed that Mr. and Mrs. Vere paid a visit to their friends regularly every year, but, perhaps, you may not have anticipated the fortunate fact, that Mrs. Vere, in one of her last visits, obtained a sight of the violin of Mr. Brunfels, and found within its green baize cover, which Pembroke had never had courage to remove, a small note-book, containing a thousand and one English proverbs, all copied out fairly in the hand-writing of Mr. B. with a concluding eulogy upon the wisdom and wit comprehended in this species of literature.

T. H. E.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

The Mercer Obsequies.

Our generally quiet city on Thursday presented an unusually stirring and excited aspect, in consequence of the public re-interment of the remains of General Hugh Mercer, a distinguished officer in the Revolution. At an early hour the streets were crowded with multitudes of persons of all ages, sexes and conditions, anxious to witness the interesting ceremonies. The shipping displayed their flags at half-mast; the bells of the churches tolled their solemn requiems to the dead, while the artillery thundered forth their deep farewells at brief intervals during the progress of the solemn rites.

At nine o'clock the first gun was fired by a detachment of the Junior Artillerists stationed in Washington Square, under Col. Murphy, where the time honored ashes of the Hero were removed from the burial ground of Christ Church, where they have reposed more than sixty years, and conveyed by the First Troop of City Cavalry, to the First Presbyterian Church on Washington Square, where the funeral ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, and an oration delivered by Wm. B. Reed, Esq. the latter of which was an eloquent and masterly effort. The church was filled in every part by an interested and highly respectable audience.

The procession moved from the church at 12 o'clock, and proceeded through some of the principal streets to the northern confines of the city, where the line was dismissed and the remains conveyed under a select escort to their final resting place at Laurel Hill. The appearance of the numerous military companies, and of the naval officers and marines, who joined in the cavalcade was highly imposing, while the solemn music to which they marched gave a deep and melancholy interest to the ceremony. The following description of the procession will give a tolerably correct idea of its character and length.

St. Andrews Society with
Banners shrouded in crape.
Scotch Thistle Society.
Trumpeter.
First City Troop acting as the
Guard of Honor.

Paul bearers.	Coffin	Paul bearers
Maj. Roche.	Borne by Marines.	Com. Read,
" Irwin,		" Stewart,
Com. Biddle.		Capt. Stockton.

Band of the German Washington Guards.
Officers of the Army and Navy.

Governors Porter, of Pennsylvania, Gilmer, of Virginia, and Pennington, of New Jersey, with Generals Dorman and Tallmadge, and other distinguished citizens.

Hearse drawn by four black horses.
Colonel Mercer, son of the deceased, with several friends in close carriages.
Generals Prevost and Goodwin, with their Staffs, mounted.
Military.

General Hugh Mercer was a brigadier-general in the American revolutionary army, and a native of Scotland. He emigrated to Pennsylvania, but removed to Virginia, where he settled and married. He was engaged with Washington in the Indian wars of 1755, &c., and his children are in possession of a medal which was presented to him by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia, for his good conduct in the expedition against an Indian settlement, conducted by Col. Armstrong, in September, 1756.

When the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country, he immediately joined the American standard, relinquishing an extensive medical practice. Under Washington, whose favor and confidence he enjoyed beyond most of his fellow officers, he soon reached the rank of brigadier-general, and, in that command, distinguished himself, particularly in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, in the winter of 1776-7. In the affair of Princeton, General Mercer, who commanded the van of the American army, after exerting the utmost valor and activity, had his horse killed under him; and, being thus dismounted, he was surrounded by some British soldiers, with whom, when they refused him quarter, he fought desperately, until he was completely overpowered. They stabbed him with their bayonets, inflicted several blows on his head with the butt-end of their muskets, and left him for dead on the field of battle. He died in about a week after, from the wounds in his head, in the arms of Major George Lewis, the nephew of General Washington, whom the uncle commissioned to watch over his expiring friend. The mangled corpse was removed from Princeton, under a military escort, to Philadelphia, and exposed a day in the coffee-house with the design of exciting the indignation of the people. It was followed to the grave by at least 30,000 of the inhabitants. General Mercer, though a lion in battle, was uncommonly placid, and almost diffident in private life. He was beloved and admired as an accomplished, polished and benevolent gentleman. General Wilkinson, in his Memoirs, observes—"In General Mercer we lost, at Princeton, a chief, who, for education, talents, disposition, integrity and patriotism, was second to no man but the commander-in-chief, and was qualified to fill the highest trusts of the country." General Mercer was about 56 years of age when he thus perished."

Bonnets—Bonnets.

Who that has an eye for the beautiful, has not been struck with the light and graceful construction of the ladies' bonnets, for the season. And though it may be true, as a cotemporary remarks, that husbands, who have an eye to economy, may not relinquish their scantiness, but will be haunted with fears of large faces next winter, and will despair of ever being able to extend the present size,—yet these are generally, sordid mortals, and why speak of them?—the winter bonnets *are* notwithstanding, *the* very things. We would not have any of our gentle readers deluded, however, by the promises of the many *Madames* who flourish, in every great metropolis, for a season, and then disappear, leaving a host of creditors with *longer faces* than their bonnets. There are establishments in Philadelphia, conducted upon *principle*, which have obtained by enterprise and honest dealing, a proud position in the fashionable world, to which we would rather direct them. The establishment of the Misses Johnson in Chesnut above Eighth street, is celebrated this season, for its beautiful and tasteful array,—and should be visited by all who wish something peculiarly nice, at reasonable prices.

Bowen's Lithography.

We have received a lithographic plate of a Steam Engine of J. T. Bowen, 94 Walnut Street, which we regard as the best specimen of lithography ever produced. A friend of ours, who sets up for a conoisseur in such matters, thought it was an impression from a fine steel engraving, and was astounded when he was informed that it was a lithograph. Bowen deserves great credit for his enterprise and skill, in having elevated lithography from a low to a high place in the arts.

New Publications.

Mercedes of Castile, or A Voyage to Cathey,—*by the Author of "The Bravo," "The Last of the Mohicans," &c.—2 vols.—Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.*—We have had the pleasure during the past week, of glancing over this last production of Cooper, and it is well worthy of the exalted reputation of the writer. The scene is laid at a period of Spanish history, peculiarly rich in romantic incident, and full of attractions to the American reader. The style is as glowing and warm as Castilian, in the proudest days of the tornament could desire. We were struck with the following beautiful portrait of

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

"One, indeed, was surpassingly lovely. She had just reached her nineteenth year, an age when the female form has received its full developement in that generous climate; and the most imaginative poet of Spain, a country so renowned for beauty of form in the sex, could not have conceived of a person more symmetrical. The hands, feet, bust, and all the outlines, were those of feminine loveliness; while the stature, without rising to a height to suggest the idea of any thing masculine, was sufficient to ennoble an air of quiet dignity. The beholder, at first, was a little at a loss to know whether the influence to which he submitted, proceeded most from the perfection of the body itself, or from the expression that the soul within imparted to the almost faultless exterior. The face was, in all respects, worthy of the form. Although born beneath the sun of Spain, her lineage carried her back, through a long line of kings, to the Gothic sovereigns; and its frequent intermarriages with foreign princesses, had produced in her countenance, that intermixture of the brilliancy of the north, with the witchery of the south, that probably is nearest to the perfection of feminine loveliness.

Her complexion was fair, and her rich locks had that tint of the auburn which approaches as near as possible to the more marked colour that gives it warmth, without attaining any of the latter's distinctive hue. "Her mild blue eyes," says an eminent historian, "beamed with intelligence and sensibility." In these indexes to the soul, indeed, were to be found her highest claims to loveliness, for they bespoke no less the beauty within, than the beauty without; imparting to features of exquisite delicacy and symmetry, a serene expression of dignity and moral excellence, that was remarkably softened by a modesty that seemed as much allied to the sensibilities of a woman, as to the purity of an angel. To add to all these charms, though of a royal blood, and educated in a court, an earnest but meek sincerity presided over every look and thought, as thought was betrayed in the countenance, adding the illumination of truth to the lustre of youth and beauty.

The attire of this princess was simple, for happily the taste of the age enabled those who worked for the toilet to consult the proportions of nature, though the materials were rich, and such as became her high rank. A single cross of diamonds sparkled on a neck of snow, to which it was attached by a short string of pearls; and a few rings, decked with stones of price, rather cumbered than adorned hands that needed no ornaments to rivet the gaze. Such was Isabella of Castile, in her days of maiden retirement and maiden pride—while waiting the issue of those changes that were about to put their seal on her own future fortunes, as well as on those of posterity even to our own times."

"Graham's Ladies' and Gentleman's Magazine, (*the Casket and Gentleman's united,*) *for December.*"—This Magazine for December is already issued in a superior style of elegance, and contains a variety of beautiful embellishments, and articles from the pens of some of the first writers of the country. The embellishments for the month are a fine steel engraving of an Eastern Mausoleum, a fashion plate of eight figures, and two pages of music.

Original Papers.—Mausoleum at Lucnow. From Unpublished "Travels by an American in the East;" The Lover and Poet. By Wm. Landor; Invocation. By Catharine H. Esling; My First Declaration; The Man of the Crowd. By Edgar A. Poe; The Orphan Child. By Catharine H. Waterman; Cruizing in the Last War; The Vespers. By J. E. Dow; The Minister's Daughter; I Remember—I Remember; The Life of a French Conscript. By Wm. Evelyn; Bridal Song; Fergus Leary. By Teddy O'Morley; To a Wild Rose. By Thomas G. Spear; Edmund and his Cousin. A Nouvellette. From the French of Paul de Kock.

The style of the embellishments for the ensuing volume, commencing with the January number, will be unsurpassed. A series of Sartain's splendid Mezzotints will be opened with the first number with a rich plate of colored fashions. See prospectus in another column of this paper.

We append a notice of the December number of the press.

Graham's Magazine.—The first number of the united works of the "Gentleman's Magazine" and the "Casket," published under the title of the above caption, has been received, and a richer or more interesting monthly we rarely if ever looked through. The plate of the "Mausoleum at Lucnow" is a chaste and beautiful engraving, though, from a peep which we have had at the embellishment in preparation for the January number, we have no hesitation in saying it will be thrown far in the shade. Mr. G. has been more than usually fortunate in so blending the contents of the number as to suit the tastes of both his lists of subscribers. We rejoice to hear that the Magazine is rapidly going ahead.—*Ledger.*

"The Literary Amaranth, or Prose and Poetry, *by Nathan C. Brooks, author of Scripture Anthology. Philadelphia, Kay & Brother, 1840.*—This is a neat little volume, in the annual style, containing most of the fugitive pieces of the author with some emendation. Of the literary merit of the work the public are well apprised, as the articles contained in the volume have most of them been before them in other forms. As a writer Mr. Brooks has won some reputation, and his pieces all of them are much above the ordinary character of our periodical poesy. The volume well deserves a place upon the centre table among New Year offerings.

Poor Jack—by Capt. Marryat.—2 vols—*Carey & Hart.*—Captain Marryat, though lately somewhat unpopular amongst a portion of our brethren, is a sea-writer of no little repute—and deserves far more credit than is generally, at this present writing, allotted to him by the censors of the press.

The present novel is in some respects, equal to the best of Marryatt's former works. Many of the scenes are powerfully drawn; some of them are strongly tinged with humor. We recommend it as highly worth of perusal.

"Kay's Progressive Infant and Primary School Reader and Speller." *Kay & Brother, 122 Chesnut street, Philada.*—We have received numbers 1, 2 and 3 of this valuable little work for infant and primary schools, and take pleasure in commending it to the especial notice of parents and teachers.

Littell's Museum, *for December.*—Again, and punctual to the day, we hail this excellent reprint from the English magazines. We have not time at present to enumerate the half of its choice selections. Those who wish for a treat should not fail to subscribe for this periodical.

Latest Foreign News.

Arrival of Great Western.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Great Western, at New York, on Tuesday last, we have London papers to the 6th of November, being days later than the news brought by the Caledonia.

Ibraham Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali, has been totally routed and has fled to the mountains with only 200 followers. The English had laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre, and expected to take it without much trouble.

The London papers are filled with daily reports concerning the Queen's *accouchment*, and confident hopes are entertained of a Prince of Wales. It is said, that a Prince is most ardently wished for by Her Majesty, and that the rejoicings will have a much more extensive scale in that event than though the stranger should prove to be of the opposite sex.

State of Trade in England.

The little increase of demand for manufactured goods that appeared last week, arising from the execution of the orders brought by the steamer from the United States appears to have now died away; and the pressure for money continuing unabated, the market has now relapsed into its former state of dullness and inactivity. The yarn market was also injuriously effected by unfavorable accounts from Germany, where sales of yarn appear to have checked by hostile rumors, and several orders for purchases in this country have been countermanded. On the whole, the market was very gloomy, and exhibited little promise of change until an improvement takes place in the state of the money market.

French Preparations for War.

The works of the fortifications of Paris are going on very slowly, according to the Commerce, which observes:—"There are not now employed upon them more than 1200 or 1500 civil and military.

The last number of the Bulletin des Lois, promulgates ordanances, granting an extraordinary credit of 460,407f. for the Greek Loan; another to the Minister of Public Works of 6,900,000f toward the expenses of the fortifications of Paris; and one to the Minister of War of 3,712,000f. toward expenses in Algeria.

One of the first measures of the new Minister of War, says the Temps, was the countermanding of the order for calling out the reserve of the class of recruits of 1834; who would have had only twelve months to serve.

It is stated that the works at the arsenal at Toulon are being pursued with great vigor. 200 Spanish refugees are being employed upon them.

The Prince de Joinville, on his return from St. Helena, is expected to be created a Vice Admiral.

Syria.

On the 10th of October, an engagement took place between the allied troops and those of Ibrahim and Soliman Pacha, in which the latter were completely defeated, and took to the mountains with 200 cavalry only, and 2 officers. 7000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, have, from the result of this engagement, fallen into the power of the Sublime Porte.

The Emir of Kasim has been named successor to the Emir Bechir, and was, with a large body of mountaineers, in pursuit of Ibrahim Pasha, who has a little or no chance of escape.

Beyrout was evacuated on the night of the 10th, in consequence of a disposition manifested by Admirals Stopford and Bandiera to land troops. In order that nobody should be left, the sick were beaten out with sticks by their countrymen. About 2000 in all, who remained outside the walls, re-entered the next morning, and surrendered themselves prisoners. Gen. Smith has fixed his head quarters at Beyrout.

By the taking of Beyrout, about 20 pieces of artillery, with ammunition and provisions, have fallen into the possession of the Allied Powers.

Reports of deserters from the fortress of Acre announces the impossibility of its being able to hold out, in consequence of the continual desertions, and of its present enfeebled state. Captain Berkeley, of the Thunderer, commands at Sidon, which is so well fortified as to defy the attacks of 15,000 men. The Archduke Frederick is also there.

The pitched battle with Ibrahim Pasha afforded an excellent opportunity to show the bravery and fidelity of the Turks. Ibrahim had taken up a very strong position near Beyrout with 3000 men. 4000 Turks were sent against him under the command of Selim Pasha, assisted by General Jochmus, Commodore Napier, and Col. Hodges. The attack was so impetuous that in a few minutes Ibrahim was completely routed. 1000 Egyptians were made prisoners; the rest were killed or wounded or took to flight.

With respect to the general war, the Egyptian army, at the most moderate calculation, lost 20,000 in killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre has been commenced. The Viceroy has retired to Alexandria from Cairo. During his stay in the latter city, he re-organised and re-established the communication with Suez, which had been interrupted in consequence of a misinterpreted order received by the governor of one of the intermediate districts.

Ireland.

The Repeal Meetings in Ireland continue to be attended by large numbers of the people. At a recent meeting in Waterfall it was calculated that no less than 80,000 persons attended. They were of course addressed by Mr. O'Connell.

Father Mathew, in consequence of his numerous engagements in Ireland, has given up his intended visit to England, till next year.

At a large meeting of the National Repeal Association held at Dublin, a motion was made to the effect that a committee of correspondence should be appointed to communicate with all parts of Ireland, for the purpose of procuring facts relative to the present system of rooting out the tenantry of Ireland, as practised by Irish landlords to an almost incredible extent.

A new Irish pledge is in circulation in Ireland, which prohibits the use of an article, unless under the most pressing necessity, which is of British manufacture. Thousands of men are signing it.

Belgium.

Belgian Fortresses.—A Valenciennes paper observes that all the fortresses on the frontier of Belgium toward France have been put in a partial state of defence. Cannon are planted on all the principal points, in front of the gates, and on the bastions. On the French side of the frontier, warlike preparations had not been carried so far. The arsenals at Valenciennes, Lille, &c. had been well provided with cannon, and the ramparts, drawbridges, and works for letting water into the forces, had been put in order, but not a single gun had been mounted.

Spain.

Affairs in Spain are in rather a doubtful state just now. The Correo Nacional declares that the country is waiting with much anxiety for the political programme which the government may decide on. This journal draws a gloomy picture of the evils which afflict the country, the state of parties, and the intolerance of the dominant party, equal to that of the barbarous ages in which theological abstraction were loudly proclaimed and enforced by persecutions. In conclusion, the writer observes that the sovereign people is inert, without the power of listening to any council, and that it is patiently awaiting the approaching storm.

Duc Francisco de Paula (Infanta of Spain) has addressed a manifesto to the Spanish people, asserting his right to the guardianship of Queen Isabella and her sister.

Madrid letters express a conviction that Espartero will ere long experience the fate of some of his military predecessors at the hands of the populace.

Queen Isabella made her public entry into Madrid on the 58th ult. under the most imposing circumstances.

The following is the speech of the French King, on the opening of the chamber:

The King's Speech.

Gentlemen, Peers and Deputies,

I have felt the necessity of assembling you round me before the ordinary period of the convocation of the chambers. The measures which the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia have taken in concert, to regulate the relations between the Sultan and Pacha of Egypt, have imposed serious duties upon me. I have the dignity of our country at heart as much as its security and repose.

In persevering in this moderate and conciliatory policy of which we have reaped the fruit for the last ten years, I have placed France in a position to face the chances which the course of events in the East may produce. The extraordinary credits which have been opened with this intention will be submitted to you, and you will appreciate the motives of them.

I continue to hope that the general peace will not be disturbed. It is necessary for the general common interests of Europe, the happiness of its population, and the progress of civilisation. I depend upon you to assist me to maintain it, as I should rely upon it, if the honor of France, and the rank which she holds among nations, commanded us to make new efforts.

Peace is re-established in the north of Spain, and we congratulate ourselves on that happy result. We should see, with grief, that the evils of anarchy came to replace the evils of civil war.

I have the most sincere interest in Spain; may the stability of Isabella II. and of the institutions which ought to sustain the throne, preserve this noble country from the long and grievous evils of revolutions.

Not having obtained from the Argentine Republic the satisfaction which we have claimed, I have ordered that new forces should be added to the squadron charged to ensure respect for our rights, and protection for our interests.

Success has crowned several important expeditions in Africa, where the valor of our soldiers has been signalised—two of my sons have partaken their perils. Exertions are still necessary to guarantee in Algeria the safety and prosperity of our establishments. My government will know how to accomplish what we have undertaken.

The city of Boulogne has been the theatre of a foolish attempt, which has only served again to call forth the devotion of the National Guards, of the army, and of the population. All ambition will fail against a monarchy founded and defended by the all powerful expression of the national will.

The Budget law will soon be submitted to your examination. I have prescribed the most severe economy in the establishment of the ordinary expenses. Events had imposed upon us unexpected charges. I have the confidence that public prosperity, at its extreme pitch, will permit us to support them, without affecting the state of our finances.

Other dispositions will be presented to you of public utility, on behalf of literature and education.

Gentlemen,

I have never claimed with more earnestness and confidence your loyal co-operation. Anarchical passions have not been discouraged by impotency. Under whatever form they may be presented, my government will find in the existing laws, and in the firm maintenance of the public liberties, the necessary arms to put them down. As for me, in the trials imposed on me by Providence, I can only be grateful for the protection which it has not ceased to throw over me, as well as my family, and to prove to France, by a never failing attention to her interests and happiness, the gratitude inspired in me by the testimonials of affection with which it surrounds me in these cruel moments.

The Branch of the Bank of England, at Liverpool, has limited its line of discounts, so as to cause extraordinary tightness in the money market, and the private Banks have raised their rates of interest to 6 and threaten 7 per cent. This it is said has been some relief—but a different class have had to pay 10 and 12 per cent for bills which under ordinary circumstances would be deemed perfectly good.

The Bank of England had obtained a credit to draw upon Hamburg to the extent of a million.

Gen. Sir James McDonnell, commanding the military district of Quebec, has been offered the Lt. Governorship of Upper Canada, vacated by the return of Sir George Arthur.

The packet ship South America, from New York for Liverpool, was fired upon on the 2d instant just as she was entering the Channel, by an Enlish yacht full of men. The yacht proved to be a revenue cruiser, and the conduct of her officer in command is severely censured by the Liverpool papers.

There was a terrible collision on the 25th between the Britannia and Phenix, two steamships which ply between London and Havre. They met sea nearly off Dungeness Point, in the night. The Britannia struck the Phenix just before the paddle box, the weakest point of a steam vessel, cutting her down to the water's edge. She immediately began to fill, and soon sunk. The passengers and crew were taken on board the Britannia.

Late from China.

By the arrival during this week at New York of the ship Ann McKim, Capt. Martien, intelligence has been received from China to the 23rd of June last, being twenty days later than the previous dates. Affairs between the British and Chinese had assumed a destructive aspect, although little else than *ruse* and skirmish had occurred between their respective powers. The Chinese had again attempted to burn the British fleet by means of fire-rafts, but were unsuccessful. Previous to this, the third fire scheme of the "celestials," a fiendlike effort to poison the British sailors had been made, which recoiled upon the natives. A boat load of poisoned tea which was despatched by the government, and intended for sale among the seamen of the English fleet, fell into the hands of pirates, who sold it to their countrymen; a large number of whom died from its use.

Sir James J. Gordon Bremer, the Commander in Chief of the expedition against the Chinese, issued a notice on the 22d, that a blockade of the river and port of Canton by all its entrances would be established on and after the 28th of June.

With a view to the convenience of British and other Foreign Merchant ships resorting to the coast in ignorance of the Blockade, the senior officer off that station was instructed to permit them to repair to, and remain at any anchorages in the neighborhood of the port, which he may see fit to indicate from time to time.

All foreign trade with Canton is cut off, and will probably remain so for a long time.

Robbery and Suspected Murder.

On Friday last, a quantity of goods, mostly domestic muslins, calicoes, a small quantity of silks, and a quantity of crockery ware, were found by some of our police officers, secreted in an untenanted house, in the vicinity of Fairmount, which were taken into custody; and upon being inspected by a number of our Market street mercantile houses, have been recognised as goods sold by them some two or three months since to Robert Hartlett, a merchant of Zanesville, Ohio, and forwarded from this city to the care of Messrs. Taylor, & Keese, of Baltimore; thence forwarded by them by horse team, under the care of a teamster by the name of Wonderly, or a similar name, for the West. As they did not arrive at their place of destination in reasonable time, Mr. Hartlett became somewhat alarmed about them, and wrote to inquire into the cause of delay. Since then, every effort has been made to obtain information concerning the teamster and the goods, of which it is understood that he had about $4000 worth. Handbills, offering $150 for the teamster, were issued, and spread from Baltimore west; and subsequently others, offering a reward of $400 for the recovery of the goods and robber or robbers, have been issued, but thus far without avail. Mr. Keese, of the firm of Taylor and Keese, and a Baltimore police officer, arrived in this city yesterday morning, when, upon view of the goods, and their examination by the merchants of whom Mr. Hartlett purchased, some of them (silks) were identified as having been sold to him by the house of Dale, Remington & Ross; some of the domestic goods of the house of Trotter, Morrell & Co; and the bonnets by a shoe and bonnet dealer in Market street. The crockery ware found, we believe, had not been identified yesterday forenoon.

The only way to account for the mystery is, either that the teamster has himself committed the robbery, or that he has been brutally murdered and robbed by a gang of villians, who, to say the least, known enough about this city to have made it the place of rendezvous for their spoils if not for themselves.

City News.

Census of Spring Garden.—The census of the District of Spring Garden for the present year, just taken, is as follows:—

No of Individuals.		Oldest inhabitants in each ward.	
First Ward.	6425	—George Turner,	98
Second "	8079	—Nathan B. Jennings,	91
Third. "	7444	—Catharine Owen,	97
Fourth. "	6352	—Elizabeth Ludwig,	80
Total.	28300		

Number of Grammar Schools	9
" " Scholars in "	690
" " Common "	28
" " Scholars in "	1039
" " " at public charge	617
" " Persons above 20 years of age who can neither read nor write	121
" " Revolutionary Pensioners.	13

Census of Philadelphia.—The census of the City and County of Philadelphia just taken is as follows.

Number of inhabitants.	City	93,873
"	County	165,049
	Total	258,922

The number in the last census, 1830, were

City	80,477
County	108,484
Total	188,961

The increase in the population of the City in ten years is

		13,396
"	County	56,565
	Total increase.	69,961

Important Arrest.—The two wagoners to whom were entrusted the goods loaded at the house of Taylor & Keys, Baltimore, to be forwarded to merchants in Ohio, were arrested in New York on Monday by police officer Ridgely of Baltimore, and High Constable Hoffner of this city. They were brought on to this city on Tuesday afternoon and committed to prison by Alderman Hoffner of Moyamensing, to await the demand of the Governor of Maryland. The robbery of the wagons, it will be recollected, is told in a paragraph above. It was also stated at the same time that the wagoners were supposed to have been murdered, but that there was still mystery about the whole matter. The mystery however has been cleared up. It has turned out that the wagoners were the robbers themselves in collusion with others.

Another Burglary—*Stolen Goods Recovered.*—On Sunday night the counting house of Rodgers and Caldwell, situated out on the Schuylkill, in William Street between Vine and Calowhill, was broken open. The burglars attempted to get into the fire proof which, however, resisted their efforts. An axe was used for the purpose. A stove and looking glass, and some few other articles were all the burglars got.—These on Monday were recovered by officers Schlater, Byrne and Mouyers, in a large brick house in Fairmount Avenue corner of William Street. The tenant of the house hearing that the officers were after him fled—leaving behind him, though on the premises in the shape of certain implements, proof positive of his being a house-breaker and thief.

Robbery and Ingratitude.—On Monday evening last, a small bag containing upwards of $300 in specie and notes, was stolen from the cabin of the schooner "Fox," of Maine, lying at Lombard street wharf. The thief is a seafaring man, calling himself Dean, who came aboard of the vessel on Monday and stated to the Captain that he wished to get to Providence, R. I. but was without means. The captain taking him for a fellow seaman in distress, agreed to carry him to Providence in his vessel, allowed him access to the cabin, and made him as comfortable as he could. The ungrateful rascal watching an opportunity, walked off with the bag of money, the proceeds of a cargo of potatoes, that the captain had just sold.

An Inhuman Wretch.—The wife of a fellow named John Buck, who lives in a small street back of Carpenter street above Fourth, Southwark, appeared before Alderman Manderfield, at an early hour on Thursday morning with three small children, one at the breast, and charged her husband with having severely beaten her, dragged her about the floor of the house in which they resided by the hair of her head and then turned her with her poor little children out of doors in the snow. The Alderman issued a warrant and had the inhuman wretch of a husband brought up and held him to bail in the sum of $300 to answer at the General Sessions.

The Prisoners.—The two prisoners, the wagoners, brought on to the city on Tuesday afternoon by officer Ridgeley, of Baltimore, and officer Hoffner, of this city, it seems, turn out to be both characters well and long known to the police. Their names are Josiah Bright and John Hilderbrandt. The former has been engaged for a long time in flooding the country along the Pennsylvania canal with counterfeit money—going as boatmen on the canal as a sham. The latter Hilderbrandt has always borne an infamous reputation. The proof against both the villains it is thought is now too strong to admit of their escape.

New Pen.—Our ingenious friend, Mr. Detterer, has invented a new self-feeding pen, which cannot but prove useful to the writing community. 'Tis composed of a tube of tin or other metal, in which is placed a sack of india rubber, the sides of the tube under the thumb and fore-finger being left open, to enable the writer to press the ink from the sack into the pen below. Any kind of pen may be used, but as the steel is generally preferred, Mr. D. has made an ink to be used with the tube which will not corrode.

Look to Your Entries.—The entry of the house of Nathan W. Eyre, No. 32 Bread street, was robbed a day or two since of a large plaid shawl and two bonnets, one a black bombazine, and the other a Florence braid, both nearly new. The articles were stolen while the family were at dinner. The thief is supposed to be a girl named Mary Cose, committed on Saturday last by Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, for a theft she perpetrated in Mr. Eyre's neighborhood.

Counterfeiters.—Two men by the name of Ramsey, and three others named Kneff, Morgan and Kregan were committed on Friday evening by Alderman McMichael of Spring Garden, on suspicion of being either themselves a gang, or connected with a gang of counterfeiters. A number of notes on the Cumberland Bank of New Jersey, and Wilmington and Brandywine Bank, were found in their possession.

Election of Officers.—At a meeting of the Board of Commissioners of Moyamensing on Monday evening the following officers were elected for one year:—Francis Lyons, President; Edward McGowan, Clerk; Alexander W. Reed, Treasurer, and Horn R. Kneass, Solicitor. The Board adjourned to elect the other officers at a stated meeting on the first Monday in December.

Arrested.—Another individual whose name is Benjamin Beal, was arrested on Sunday in the neighborhood of Fourth and Shippen streets, on a charge of having been concerned in robbing the two wagons loaded in Baltimore in September, and destined for the West. Beal has been long known as a rogue. He is at present in Moyamensing.

Something New.—Those two industrious and enterprising young gentlemen, Coffin and Clifton, successors to E. W. Van Horn & Co., No. 135 Chesnut street, have lately gotten up something new in the shape of a substantial and beautifully finished stock, made of India Rubber. The article is intended particularly for officers of the army, some of whom should be without one. Gentlemen of the army should not fail to call and take a look at the article.

Fire.—A fire broke out between 11 and 12 o'clock on Saturday night last, in the office of the Am. Sentinel, No. 35 Walnut street. The interior of the building was considerably damaged and a lot of valuable miscellaneous books burned. The building was set on fire. An individual was distinctly seen to make his escape from the office through a back window.

The Steam Gun.—We understand that Mr. Perkins's steam gun, which some weeks since excited so much interest in this city, will be exhibited for a short time in the Arcade.

The New Steamboat.—Mr. Ridgway's new steam boat was launched on Saturday afternoon, at Trenton. The launch created much interest and was viewed by large numbers.

Maelzel's Automaton.—This chess player, the action of which is still a puzzle, is now exhibited every evening at the Museum. It is worth a visit.

Foreign Varieties.

The Tricks of the Pickpockets.

Some of the tricks of pickpockets in order to accomplish their purposes, are ingenious in the extreme. The French, though, in the matter of cunning and dexterity, beat the indigenous artist altogether. There is a degree of taste sometimes combined with surpassing thought, in their artifices, that almost compels admiration. In Paris, while Madame Laffarge was on trial for the murder of her husband, and the whole capital was on the *qui vive* upon the subject, a capital use was made of the general excitement by some pickpockets, much to the discomfiture of the hoaxed ones, and the profit of the *chevaliers d'industrie*. The scene occurred at the Gallery d'Orleans, at the Palais Royal.

The crowd of idlers had already become very compact, when a young lady passed, whose whole air betokened her to belong to the better class of society. Suddenly a young man, who had followed her for some time, cried out, pointing his finger at her, "Here she is, the murderess!—what, don't you know her! 'tis Madame Laffarge, who, thanks to her riches, has been set at liberty, in spite of her condemnation," and at the same time he commenced to utter the most bitter invectives against the young lady, who he stoutly maintained was Madame Laffarge.

The poor woman was immediately surrounded on all sides; she protested against this grievous qui pro quo, and assured them that she knew nothing about the person whom they took her for, but the crowd persisted in disbelieving her, and neither her tears, sobs or protestations, could make them understand their mistake.

Meanwhile, the despair of the young woman augmented; to her tears succeeded the most violent hysterics, and she fell fainting to the ground; the guard immediately ran to her succour, but it was in vain, they attempted to force a passage—the crowd was so dense and excited, they were obliged to send to the Chateau d'Eau for a reinforcement; the municipal guard and the soldiers together, finally succeeded in dispersing the crowd, and carried the young woman to the Poste, from whence, as soon as she recovered her senses, she was taken home.

Hardly a half hour had elapsed when some eight or ten, who had helped to form the crowd, were seen groping about the gallery; the one searching for his gold pin, another for his diamond, and another for his handkerchief and snuff box. The object and origin of this grand commotion now became evident—some thieves had chosen this ingenious way of working on the credulity and curiosity of the people, and whilst their victims were gaping in the jam, they quietly prigged whatever snuff boxes, pins, purses, &c., they could conveniently lay their hands on."

Electricity Applied to Clocks.

When Franklin made his discovery of the nature of electricity he could not have contemplated the variety of uses to which science would apply the knowledge thus acquired. How the old gentleman would stare, could he but see the variety of things to which this subtle agent is made to communicate action. A German artist has lately applied it to clockwork so as to do without weights, and come as near perpetual motion, as matter liable to worn out can possibly come. "The machine, which is remarkable chiefly for its extreme simplicity, is composed only of a pendulum, one large wheel, two escapements, and a quadrature. Such are the visible parts. We must suppose, however, that a pinion and a wheel form the communication between this great wheel and the quadrature, though they are not to be seen. The pendulum at each vibration causes one of the escapements to advance the great wheel one tooth, which after this movement has a pause, making a dead second. As there is no metallic moving power to set the machine going, we find, on examination that the pendulum (which is almost out of proportion with the clock) descends into a case, and thereby at each vibration, the ball or body, which is furnished with a conductor, approaches alternately two poles, to which voltaic pipes supply their portion of electricity, so that the pendulum, when once put in motion, retains it by means of the electricity alternately drawn from the two poles. There can be no doubt that other interesting results may be obtained by employing the electrical fluid as a motive power, however slight the power which such an agent may seem capable of communicating."

Flying Bridges and Boats.

Governments are constantly and systematically aiming in Europe at improvements in the art of War. The latest is a mode of creating temporary bridges by which an army can pass a river with the greatest celerity. Some experiments were lately made upon the Rhine, near Strasburg, and in the first instance, a bridge of a new construction for the passage of troops was thrown over in twenty minutes. Three flotillas of boats, supported by a gun-boat, were next brought forward in regular order to represent the passage and debarkation of troops. At the same time a flying-bridge, capable of bearing 300 men, came down the stream, and fixing its anchors in the middle, by the mere force of the current expanded its arms and in *three* minutes reached from bank to bank. The next experiment was an attempt to pass under the bridge in very small and slight boats, so as to defy the power of the current. Several men, after having directed their course to the bridge, lay down in the boats, and passed rapidly and safely under the bridge.

The New Military Invention.—The late important invention in England of an extraordinary projectile is exciting attention. It seems that the inventor has been offered £400,000 for his secret by a foreign power, although at one time the British Government might have had it for £100,000. The ball is the shape of an egg; it explodes twice, and the second explosion is more destructive than the first.

An Immense Steamer.—A steamship intended for the line between New York and England, is now being built in Bristol, which when finished will be the largest and most powerful vessel ever launched. Her hull is to be composed entirely of iron, and will measure three thousand tons. Her engines will be one thousand horse power. Capt. Hoskins, formerly of the Great Western, is spoken of as her commander.

A Viper per Post!—A gentleman, resident in Hereford, received a day or two since, through the medium of the penny post, a living viper, from the foot of Calder Idris in Wales! It arrived safely, and was not at all the worse for its journey.

Peru.—The Congress of this republic has prohibited the importation of foreign calicoes, saddles, men's shoes, ready made clothing, and hats of wool or silk. The prohibition dates from the first of the present month.

Going it Strong.—A foreign journal says that a gentleman of fortune, in Berkshire, who kept three servant maids, was married to one of them on last Friday week, and on Saturday his two sons followed his example by marrying the other two.

Remains of Napoleon.—Galignani's Messenger states that four hundred women are employed in making the hangings which are to adorn the church of Invalides, for the funeral ceremony, on the translation of the remains of Napoleon.

Satisfaction.—Mr. Packenham, the British Minister to Mexico, has succeeded in obtaining satisfaction for the outrages inflicted on Englishmen in Caliente.

Mahogany for Ships.—Strenuous efforts are being made in Liverpool to construct vessels of mahogany. It is said to possess all the good qualities of other timber, without any of the defects.

Whiskey.—The entire consumption of whiskey at the late Ballinasloe fair, says a Dublin paper, was only eight gallons. The average consumption heretofore was from eight to twelve puncheons.

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☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ L. Tompkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

Political Intelligence.

New York Election.—The following is the official vote of this State:

	Governor 1840.		President 1840.	
	Seward.	Bouck.	Harrison.	V. B.
Full vote,	222,010	216,710	225,812	212,519
	216,710		212,519	
Seward's maj.	5,300	Har. maj.	13,298	
			5,300	
Seward behind his ticket,			7,993	

SENATORS

Van Buren.	Harrison.
215,907	223,831
	215,907
Har. maj.	7,924

The vote for Senators is perhaps the best test vote of the strength of the two great political parties.

Pennsylvania.—The Harrisburg Reporter gives a table of all the votes polled in the State for each elector at the late election. We perceive by it that the highest votes on the Harrison ticket was given for A. R. McIlvaine, Wm. S. Hendric, and J. J. Ross, viz: for each 144,023—the highest on the Van Buren ticket was for Jacob M. Gemmil 143,784—majority 239.—The lowest vote on the Harrison ticket was for George Walker 143,927, and the lowest on the Van Buren for G. W. Smick, G. M. Hallenback and Jesse Barlow viz: for each 143,663—majority 264. The difference between the lowest Harrison vote, and highest Van Buren is 143. The average Harrison majority on the whole ticket is 341.

Maine.—The official vote of this state as counted by the Governor and Council, is as follows

Harrison,	46,672
Van Buren,	46,201
Harrison's maj.	411
Abolition vote,	194

Vermont.—The official result in this state is as follows

Harrison,	32,440
Van Buren,	18,018
Harrison's maj.	14,422
Abolition,	319
Scattering,	15

Massachusetts.—The official returns from Massachusetts show the following vote:

Harrison,	72,913
Van Buren,	52,471
Harrison's maj.	20,442
Scattering,	1,621

Kentucky.—This State gives a majority for Gen. Harrison. The official returns are as follows:—

Harrison,	58,489
Van Buren,	32,616
Harrison's majority	25,873

Georgia.—The highest votes given for electors on both sides, according to the official returns are:

Harrison,	40,349
Van Buren,	31,989
	8,360

Delaware.—The official returns from Delaware have been received. They are as follows:

Harrison,	5997
Van Buren,	4874
Harrison majority,	1093

Alabama.—This State has certainly gone for Mr. Van Buren, though by what exact majority we are as yet unable to tell. His majorities in the northern counties are very heavy.

Virginia.—The Governor has issued his proclamation, announcing the election of the Van Buren electors. The official returns give him a majority of 1400.

Illinois.—The election in this State has resulted in favor of Mr. Van Buren by a majority of about 1000.

North Carolina.—The Legislature of this State convened at Raleigh on Monday last. Andrew Joyner (whig) was chosen speaker of the Senate, and Wm. a Graham (whig) speaker of the House of Commons—the former by six majority over his Van Buren opponent, and the latter without the formality of a ballot.

New York Election Frauds.—The Grand Jury of New York are now investigating the election frauds of 1838. Mr. Stevenson has already been examined, and it is expected that the whole matter will be thoroughly probed, and the guilty brought to punishment.

Appointment by the Board of Canal Commissioners.—Thomas Tustin, of Philadelphia county, to be Superintendent of Motive Power on the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, in the place of James Cameron, resigned.

Illinois.—Gov. Carlin has issued a proclamation convoking the Legislature of Illinois to meet in special session on the 23d inst. Trouble in regard to the State finances is believed to be the cause of this step.

Appointment by the President.—Francis B. Ogden, of New Jersey, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Bristol, in the Kingdom of Great Britain.

Gov. Morton, Ex.—It is said that Gov. Morton is to be put up for Congress in the 10th District, Massachusetts, in the place of Hon. Henry Williams.

Financial Record.

Specie and no National Bank.—A resolution has been laid on the table of the Georgia Legislature, calling on the representatives in Congress from that state to oppose the chartering of a National Bank. Another to compel the banking institutions to red em their notes in specie under penalty of a forfeiture of their charters.

More Counterfeits.—Counterfeit $5 notes of the Bank of Kentucky are in circulation in Wheeling. The paper is rather yellow, but upon the whole the notes are said to be well calculated to deceive the eye.

Mechanics Bank.—William Thaw, Esq., is elected Cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, in the room of J. B. Mitchell, late Cashier, now President.

Duels.

A late correspondent of the New York Herald writes from Savannah, that a duel was lately fought there between Mr. Locke, one of the editors of the Republican, and Col. Drisdale. They fought on the Carolina side of the river, with rifles, at 20 paces.—After an exchange of shots, in which no harm was done, they shook hands and returned to the city.

He adds, "I understand there have been several duels fought in Augusta within the last few days; three or four persons mortally wounded, and one man, by the name of Bird, shot dead in the street."

An affair of honor took place on the 5th instant, near Natchez, we learn, between Dr. McWhorter and Mr. Barber, both of Vidalia. The parties fought with pistols, at ten paces. Mr. Barber was severely wounded.

Mr. Forsyth, editor of a paper in Mobile, and a Mr. Hopper, met and exchanged shots on the 9th instant. Neither was hurt, and the affair was then arranged. Mr. Forsyth is a son of the Secretary of State.

General News.

Tiger-tail and the Florida Indians.—The Savannah Georgian contains news from Fort Holmes, E. F. to the 9th instant, but the substance of it we published on Wednesday. The great "talk" with Tiger-tail and Artuc-tse-te-nug-gee and their bands, was to take place at Fort King on the 5th. The Arkansas delegation, fourteen in number, arrived at Fort King under the charge of Capt. Page. They were prepared to make to their red brethren a very favorable report of the country West of the Mississippi. Tiger-tail says that if Wild Cat does not come into his measures relative to the proposed treaty, that he will turn and "lick him into shape."

The Pensacola Gazette of the 7th instant, says "By the schr. Rio Grande, Capt. Jenkins, arrived this morning from Tampa Bay, we learn that the Indians have again left the whites to wonder at their treachery. On breaking loose at Tampa, they killed one man, firing seven balls into his body, and scalping him, within a few hundred yards of 2,500 troops. On the day the Rio Grande left, Gen. Armistead started with a regiment of men for Fort King. Thus ends this last attempt to form a treaty with the Seminoles."

The Highway Robber.—The man who attacked Mr. George A. Ward, of New Brighton lately, who was apprehended and stated his name to be Thomas Wood, turns out to be John Vreeland, aged 18, formerly apprenticed to a carpenter, from whom he ran away and enlisted in the army; he deserted from the barracks at Carlysle, and was again apprenticed to one of the New York pilots, from whom he ran away the last of October. He was examined on Tuesday last, and was fully committed to stand trial in April, for assault and battery with intent to kill and rob on the highway.

The Inhuman Traffic.—It is computed that upwards of seventy millions of dollars have been expended, during the last thirty years, in fruitless efforts to put a stop to the Slave Trade; and that notwithstanding all these attempts to check its progress, the inhuman traffic has increased, in that period, to double the extent to which it was formerly carried. The annual loss of life, caused by the trade, has risen from 17 to 25 per cent. 170,000 Africans are said to be annually reduced to slavery—350,000 more annually perish;—the total annual loss to Africa is estimated to be 500,000 persons.

Coal Monopoly.—The coal dealers of New York have already begun their annual conspiracies to raise the price of coal. An advance of one dollar on a ton has been made, and as soon as the public have quietly acquiesced in this imposition, others will no doubt be agreed upon. What easy and accommodating consciences these cormorants must have, who, while they are pilfering the widow of her mite, and the laborer of his hire, can go to their beds with prayers and sleep soundly.

Another Railroad.—A company has been organized and officers elected for the purpose of making a Railroad up the Swatara creek, in Schuylkill County, called the Swatara and Good Spring Rail Road Company. This road will lead to the heart of what is called the Pine Grove coal region, and will, consequently give a vent to the vast body of coal and iron deposited there which has hitherto lain dormant for want of a market.

Steamboat Explosion.—The Cincinnati Ledger of 16th, says—A passenger who arrived in this city yesterday, on board the Ion, states that the steamer Persian callapsed a flue, six miles below the mouth of the Arkansas, while bound from New Orleans to Saint Louis. Seven persons were instantly killed by the accident, four mortally wounded, and about 20 others more or less injured.

Electricity.—It has been ascertained from careful and often repeated experiments, that the electric fluid travels at the astonishing and inconceivable velocity of two hundred thousand miles in a single second of time! So that if a wire were passed around this globe of ours, this subtle agent would traverse the circumference, (about twenty-four thousand miles) in about the eighth part of a second!

A veteran Gone.—Lieut. Col. Chas R. Broom, of the U. S. Marine Corps, died at Washington on Saturday last, in the 46th year of his age, having been a member of the corps upwards of 27 years. His funeral was attended to the congress burying ground on Sunday afternoon by his numerous friends. Military honors were performed by the Washington Light Infantry, under the command of Capt. R. France.

Northeastern Difficulties.—The Woodstock (N. B.) Times states that violent and riotous proceedings occurred between the Madawaskians and the Mainites, at the Forks of Fish River, on account of the recent elections. Some of the former wanted to vote for Uncle Sam's President, and others would'nt let them.

Suicide.—A female about 19 years of age, the wife of John Gittaner of New York, committed suicide by taking arsenic on Thursday, in consequence of violence committed on her person by three villains in July last. She previously made several attempts to destroy herself. One of the wretches who caused her untimely death has been arrested, but is out on bail.

Mutual Rejoicing.—At New Orleans the night after the close of the polls at the late election, a salute of twenty-six guns was fired by a committee of both political parties, in honor of the peaceable and orderly manner in which the election was carried on and concluded. It is to be regretted that such argument for congratulation is not universal.

Capsized at Sea.—Capt. Wade, of the steamer Savannah, recently arrived in New Orleans from Texas, reported having fallen in with a schooner bottom up, having a flat bottom and green boot-top, about 75 or 100 tons burthen, 96 miles east of Galveston. She is supposed to be the Dream from Galveston, bound to New Orleans.

J. Q. Adams's Lecture.—Mr. Adams's introductory lecture before the New York Lyceum Society, delivered on Wednesday, was, if correctly reported, a very able and eloquent effort. It was upon the Social History of Man, and though containing nothing positively new, or startling, was handsomely written, and elicited much applause. Over 3000 persons listened to it.

Another Avalanche.—We recorded last week a great slide of a part of Mount Ida, near Troy, which occurred on Saturday. On Monday morning another avalanche came down near the same spot, bringing with it about half of the orchard which stood on the side of the hill. No lives were lost.

Accident in Baltimore.—Three men were seriously injured on Monday last, by falling off a scaffold, upon which they were working in the erection of the Water Company's new ice house. One of them named Edward Heffner has since died.

Cunard's Atlantic Steamers.—It is said that Portsmouth, N. H. will hereafter be the depot of these vessels, instead of Boston. The difficulties of entering the latter port in winter, is the cause of the change.

Charge des Affaires Dead.—An Ohio paper mentions the death of Geo. H. Flood, Esq. late a member of the Ohio Senate, and at the time of his death Charge des Affaires to Texas.

Extensive Robbery.—A jewelry store in Cincinnati, belonging to William McGrew, was entered by means of false keys on the night of the 13th inst., and robbed of property to the amount of $20,000.

Just Punishment.—A woman named Rachel Ramsay, who was recently convicted of the murder of Ann Burke, in Baltimore, has been sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary until 20th of August 1855.

The worth of a Woman.—Solomon says, "a virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband." By this rule, the most valuable of her sex is only worth *five shillings*.

Stabbed Him.—On Monday a man named Hill was stabbed by a Mr. McDonald in Salisbury, Pa., with a shoemaker's knife. He died and the murderer was arrested.

A Gentle Hint.—A publican, who was ill served by his brewers, wrote them the following remonstrance—"Gentlemen, do come and taste my beer, for *nobody else will!*"

The late Hubbard Taylor.—He voted as an elector for Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and was a veteran in the Legislative Councils of Kentucky.

Glad to Hear It.—The two great necessaries of life, pork and potatoes, will be very plenty the coming winter—more so than for the last ten years.

Savings of the Poor.—The amounts in deposit in the New York Savings Bank, are upward of three millions of dollars.

Assessable Property.—The value of assessable property in the State of Maryland is said to be $100,345,740.32.

Mormon Meeting.—Five thousand Mormons recently assembled in Hancock county, Illinois.

Steamboat Burned.—It is said that a steamboat was burned on Lake Erie on the night of the 16th.

The Naval vs Civil Authority.—Midshipman Charles Days, of the U. S. Navy, was brought before Ald. Saunders, of Southwark, on Saturday last, and held to bail in $300 for his appearance at the General Sessions, to answer for an assault and battery on Constable Maginnis, of the Second ward, Southwark, while the latter was in the discharge of his official duty. It seems that Mr. Maginnis had served a process on Mr. Days at the Marine Hospital, at the instance of a tailor whom Days had forgot to pay for a suit of clothes, and that he had been assaulted by the defendant and some of his brother officers at the Hospital with snow balls, they alleging that they were not responsible to the civil authority, and that the officer could not and dared not attempt to arrest one of them.

Case of Hydrophobia.—The Louisville Messenger mentions a case of this dreadful disease, which occurred in that city the past week. The victim was a little boy about five years old. Between five and six weeks ago, he was bitten on the cheek by a little dog. The wounds were several in number, slight, and healed quickly; but the child continued to complain of pain in his cheek and neck. On the 11th inst. he manifested fear at a dog that was passing, sickened at his stomach and vomited. This sickness soon passed off and he was better till the morning of the 13th, when a physician was called in. This child had then a great dread of water, and appeared to be laboring under all the agonies of hydrophobia. He was prescribed for, but died in great distress about thirteen hours thereafter.

The Steamboat Explosion.—The persons killed by the explosion of the boilers of the Persanan, the 7th inst., were the 1st engineer, the second mate, two firemen and seven deck passengers. Four deck passengers are missing, and twenty-four of them are badly scalded. The Captain, Clerk and all the cabin passengers were uninjured. The captain was asleep at the time the fatal explosion occurred, and it is said by some of the surviving firemen that the pilot was intoxicated. The boat had stopped at a wood pile some short time before the collapse, but no steam was let off. To a surcharge of steam the catastrophe is attributed.

Saved Five Men.—The passengers by the British Queen have published a card extolling Capt. Roberts. We find in it, the following resolution.

"Resolved, That this meeting regard with sentiments of admiration, the noble and humane conduct of Captain Roberts of this ship, in causing to be rescued from an untimely and watery grave, the master and the four survivors of the crew of the brig Margaret, of Severn, bound from the Bay of Chaleurs to Leith, and found totally wrecked on the 6th instant, who had been for two-and-fifty hours exposed to the tempestuous elements, without food or raiment, and without hope."

Sudden Death.—From the Mauch Chunk Courier of Saturday last, we learn that a man named Rich, residing in Conyngham, Luzerne county, in this State, formerly of Philadelphia, was found lying on his back, dead, at the foot of a rock, with the stopper of his powder horn in his mouth, a gun lying under him, and his clothes completely burnt off. It is supposed that several buckshot and the wad passed through his body.

Great Wedding.—On Monday in New York, Bishop Onderdonk united Louis Bingaman, jun., of Mississippi, to Ellen Angelica Livingston, adopted daughter of Judge Livingston, of Almont, Dutchess county. In the afternoon, the happy couple set out for the South, where they mean to spend the ensuing winter. The *trousseau* of the beautiful bride cost $2,000—and the marriage settlement was $100,000.

Fatal Casuality.—A Mr. Hill of Coltsville, Trumbull county, Ohio, was recently descending a new well where a large quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas ignited from the candle which he held, and exploded with a loud report. He fell about thirty feet, and when taken up was found to be dreadfully hurt, his clothes being reduced to tinder. He died in three days after the accident.

Murder.—Mr. Robert Powers, an industrious and respectable mechanic, (says the Columbus Enquirer of the 11th inst.) was killed in his shop yesterday, by a pistol shot from a man named Want, also a mechanic and former co-partner of Powers. The deceased has left a wife and one child. Want is committed to jail on the charge of murder.

An Eye to the Shop.—A butcher of eminence was in company with several ladies at whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies addressing him, asked, "Pray, sir, what are stakes now?" To which, thinking of his business, he replied, "Madame, the best rump, I cannot sell at less than a shilling a pound."

Fashionable Bonnets.—Such is the demand for fashionable small bonnets, that the milliners are purchasing all the hats manufactured for good sized dolls, to enable them to keep up a supply. With a little taking in, the doll's bonnets answer amazing well.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

The milliners do all the *taking in* in this direction friend Atlas.

Fire.—The Albany Advertiser of Monday says, passengers by the cars this morning report a fire at Fultonville last night. It was raging with great violence when the cars arrived at Fonda, and it was feared would involve the destruction of a great portion of that enterprising village. We have no particulars.

The Rathbun Funds.—The Chancellor of New York has directed the Assignees of the estate of B. Rathbun, the forger, to pay over to the N. York creditors the amount now deposited ($70,000) in the Commercial Bank of Buffalo, being something like 40 per cent on the original claim.

Slaves free.—The schooner Hermosa, bound from Richmond to New Orleans, with a cargo of tobacco, and 47 slaves, was wrecked on a reef near the Bahamas, on the 19th. The crew and slaves escaped alive, and the latter were freed by the British authorities.

Well Proportioned.—In Michigan there are 109,825 hogs, 62,684 sheep, and 175,000 people. Each human inhabitant can almost "go the whole hog" and make out the balance with mutton. If there is plenty of hominy and potatoes in that quarter, we should call it a small paradise.

Mrs. Kinney.—On Saturday last the Grand Jury of Boston came into Court, and reported a true bill against Hannah Kinney, on a charge of poisoning her husband, George T. Kinney. She plead "not guilty." No day has yet been appointed for her trial, and no counsel yet assigned her.

Dreadful Fire.—On the night of the 18th instant, about 40 houses in the village of Schoharie were burned to the ground. The printing office of the Radie, whose editor is a deaf and dumb man, was destroyed. A child is missing, supposed to have perished in the flames. The fire is attributed to incendiaries.

The Charlottesville Assassination.—The Richmond Star states that the young man who was with the assassin of Professor Davis, has confessed the whole matter. The perpetrator is said to be very wealthy, and highly connected in South Carolina. His name is not given.

The Price of an Ankle.—The husband of a lady named Pratt; whose leg was broken at the ankle, in consequence of the starting of a Boston omnibus, into which she was stepping, has received fifteen hundred dollars damages.

Read and Red.—"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly rouged damsel of her beaux. "It is this," said he, "A new novel is *read* because it is interesting; and you are interesting because you are *red*."

Murder.—A letter from West Point, Lee county, I. T., Oct. 31, states that Horatio W. Cordell, keeper of the West Point Hotel, had been killed by being shot the day previous, whilst at work in his cornfield, through the body, with a rifle, by John A. Jones.

Postponed.—The trial of Green, says the Richmond Enquirer of the 12th inst. has been postponed. It would have occupied the whole term of the Court, to the exclusion of all other business, and was therefore deferred for a special term.

Enviable Situation.—Walking the street with a lady on each arm, exchanging smiles with friends, and bowing to all acquaintances, when you happen to meet a deputy sheriff, who has a strong attachment for you.

Naval.—Lieut. M. Smith has been detached from the United States store ship Relief, and Lieut. B. Shepherd ordered to supply the vacancy. The Relief is now ready for sea, and will sail in a few days.

Price of Murder.—Darnes, the murderer of Mr. Davis of St. Louis, was convicted of manslaughter in the third degree, on the 14th instant, and sentenced by the jury to a fine of $500.

Murder.—A woman was killed in New York on Monday by a blow with a flat iron as she was getting into bed, given her by another woman named Phoebe Squires.

Escaped.—On Sunday last week, seven prisoners made their escape from the jail at Syracuse, N. York. Two have since been caught.

A Wreck.—The schr. Love, Captain Godfrey, arrived at New York on Monday, from Porto Cabello, fell in with on the 14th instant, lat. 35, lon. 73, the wreck of the schr. Butterfly, Capt. Kemstry, bound to Curacoa, and took from her John Bramels, Seaman, of Philadelphia, the only survivor out of 7. The Butterfly left New York on the 5th and was capsized on the 6th, at 3 A. M. The Captain, one seaman, and the Steward, were washed off and drowned on the 13th; next day Mr. Franklin, Mate, died in Bramels' arms.—The same night J. Cannon, seaman, was washed overboard. Next day, the 14th, the Love took Bramels off, who has nearly lost the use of his legs and feet, being very much bruised.

Fires Abroad.—A fire occurred in York, Pa., on the 18th inst., which threatened damage to the town, but was fortunately suppressed by the firemen and citizens, with the loss only of some stabling and outhouses, in the rear of the Lutheran Church. Mr. Joseph Spangler, a fireman, was severely though not dangerously burnt. A man has been arrested on suspicion of having set the premises on fire.

A fire broke out in Portsmouth, N. H., on the same day, in Penhallow street, in a building occupied by Peter Tilton, stone cutter—and John S. Locke, painter, the first that occurred in that town since December 31, 1839.

Florida.—We perceive that General Armistead has officially communicated to the Secretary of War, an account of the late failure to settle the Florida difficulties amicably, noticed by us a few weeks ago. He says that the partial delay caused by the armistice has not tended to the injury of the operations in Florida, inasmuch as it has been conducive to the health of the three regiments which have suffered so severely—they will now be enabled to take the field in larger force.

Antidote to Oxalic Acid.—The Albany Daily Advertiser says that two ounces of magnesia, mixed with about a quart of water, or the same quantity of common whiting, thrown into the stomach by any means, (stomach pump being readiest and most preferable on such occasions) will effectually neutralize and render inert this most active poison. Such information may prove serviceable in this murderous and suicidal age.

Attempt to Poison.—A female named Eliza Woodward is now upon trial in Boston for attempting to poison another female named Lucy Moore, in October last. Jealousy was the cause of the enmity between the "fair ones," the latter of whom keeps a house of evil fame. The offence charged, is punishable in Massachusetts by imprisonment not exceeding twenty years, or by a fine not exceeding $1000.

Accident and Death.—In coming down the North River on Monday night, the De Witt Clinton ran down a pleasure boat in which were two brothers, one of whom was drowned. The accident occurred between Poughkeepsie and Hyde Park. In turning a point, neither vessel saw the other, till too late to avoid the melancholy accident.

French Privateers.—It is stated on the authority of a private letter from Havre, that a company has been formed in that port with a capital of ten millions of francs, for the purpose of fitting out privateers in case of a war between France and England, or any other nation. The stock of the company is sold at one hundred francs, or twenty dollars, each share.

Large Rewards.—The Governor of Virginia has offered a reward of $3,000 for all, or $1,000 each, for Peter Johnson, Edward Smith and Isaac Ganey or Garnsey, colored men, who committed a felony at Norfolk, Va., in July, 1839. They are believed to have been residents of the State of New York.

Baltimore Railroad.—In consequence of the late heavy rains, one of the stone bridges over little Elk Creek on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad has been injured. There will be no interruption, however, to the regular lines.

Mayor of New York.—It is stated in the N. York papers, that his honor, Isaac L. Varian, is so seriously indisposed as to be unable to attend to official duties. Alderman Purdy, President of the Board of Aldermen is at present the acting Mayor of the city.

Prize Poem.—The prize recently offered by the Managers of the Boston Lyceum, for the best original poem written for them, has been awarded to T. W. Parsons, jr. of that city. It is entitled the "Literary Republic."

Fugitives Arrested.—Joshua Bright and John Hilderbrand were arrested in New York on Tuesday and brought to this city, on a requisition from the Governor, to answer a number of charges of burglary and robbery committed in this city and Baltimore.

False Report.—The election of a Senator of the United States from Alabama had been postponed, at the last accounts from Tuscaloosa, to the 19th inst. The report, therefore, which represented that D. H. Hall had been elected, was erroneous.

Mail Robber Sentenced.—George Phillips, convicted of robbing the mail in Hagerstown on the 19th of August last, was sentenced by the U. S. Court at Baltimore to confinement in the Penitentiary, at hard labor for five years.

To take Grease out of Silk.—If a little powdered magnesia be applied on the wrong side of silk, as soon as the spot is discovered, it is a never failing remedy, the dark spots disappearing as if by magic.

Change.—The N. Y. Signal has changed again from a morning to an evening paper. Change begets change, they say, and we dare say the proprietors are anxious to realize the truth of the apothegm.

A Wicked Rascal.—A man named Charles P. Forbes was bound over in Baltimore on Monday for an assault on a girl, 14 years of age, with intent to violate her person.

A Capital Hint.—"Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you did'nt pull it out *here!*"

Illinois Coal.—A boat load of Coal arrived at St. Louis on the 12th inst., from the mines of F. W. Risque, Esq. in the county of Calhoun, Ill.

Not True.—The rumor of the burning of a steamer on Lake Erie, proves to be unfounded. The boat was at the time safe in the port of Erie.

Another New State.—The Tallahassee Floridian of the 14th ult. says Florida will probably be admitted into the Union at the coming session of Congress.

Interments in New York.—The City Inspector reports the number of interments last week to have been 134.

Statistics of New York.

By the Deputy Marshall's returns, a condensation of which is in the Herald, it appears that there are in New York

	Men employed.	Value produced.	Capital invested.
Manufactures,	21,577	$26,608,538	$10,823,037
Commerce,	18,542	———	60,666,420
Mining, &c.	177	231,800	83,000
Horticulture, &c.	329	347,190	64,000
	40,625	$27,241,528	$71,636,457

There are also, as the same paper informs us

15 public schools in the city.

47 primary public schools for children between four and seven years of age.

40 cords of wood cut in the city annually.

$25,100 produced annually by dairies in the city.

$800 produced annually by orchards in the city.

23,000 barrels of tar, pitch, turpentine, &c. made annually in the city.

1,462 small arms made in the city annually.

20 men employed in making them.

2 cotton dying and printing establishments in the city.

20 pounds of silk reeled in a year.

2,000 sides sole leather tanned annually in the city.

3,500 do upper do do

9,313,700 pounds of soap made do

2,353,400 do of tallow candles made annually in the city.

2,250,000 do of sperm and wax do

1,992,278 gallons spirits distilled do

1,295,390 do beer brewed do

17 daily newspapers printed in the city.

38 weekly do do

3 semi and tri-weekly do

63 periodicals do

Shot Himself.

We learn that in New York on Monday morning about 10 o'clock a French gentleman, named G. Marmiche, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol.

He was found with his head resting on a sofa cushion, and a small pool of blood on the floor. His hand still clasped the pistol. He had placed its muzzle to his right temple, sitting on the floor, having a looking glass placed opposite him, and the sofa cushion behind, at a just distance to receive his head when he fell. He had shaved, washed, and dressed himself with the utmost care. Another pistol lay on a small table near him, corked and capped. On the table over which the looking-glass had hung, Mr. M. had placed two notes, in French, stating his determination of dying by his own hand, and directions respecting his funeral.

From Texas.

By advices from Galveston up to the 8th instant, there is a rumor that the Federalists under Canales, have been defeated and driven back again into Texas by Gen. Arista—that the victory reported to have been gained over the Centralists by Canales, was only the surprise and vanquishment of the rear guard of Arista's army, and that upon an encounter with the main army, the Federalists were entirely routed.

It is also rumored that another revolution has broken out in the city of Mexico, and that Gomez Farias is now at the head of affairs. The cause is the breach of faith on the part of the Central party, in not pardoning the insurgents under Urrea and restoring the constitution of 1824, agreeable to stipulation. Part of the volunteers under Col. Howard had an encounter with the Indians in Beal's Colony, on the Rio Frio, burning their town and putting them to flight. Three Indians only were killed. The main body of the warriors were absent on an excursion to Lampasas, which town it is said they pillaged and burnt, carrying the women and children into captivity.

President Lamar is said to be dangerously ill, and wholly unable to attend to his official duties.

Wellerisms.—"Get out," as the powder said to the bullet.

"We're a pair of *green spectacles,*" as the two bumpkins said when they were brought up at the police court.

"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now," as the onion remarked to the cook-maid, when the latter commenced peeling his jacket off.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,

AND

The Ladies' and Gentleman's WORLD OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

(THE CASKET AND THE GENTLEMAN'S UNITED.)

A new Volume under the above title, of the well established and fashionable Magazine. The Philadelphia Casket in conjunction with the Gentleman's Magazine, which has been every where pronounced the most readable and popular of the day, will be opened on the First of January, 1841, with an array of Contributors secured by the union of talent and fame, which no periodical in the Country can boast or pretend to rival. The Volume will be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with the first of a series of

Embellishments Unsurpassed

by any which have yet appeared in any Magazine. The style of elegance, the beauty and finish of these illustrations, and the extensive improvements, which will be made in its typographical appearance, and above all the tone of its literary department, by the brilliant array of Contributors, whose articles have enriched the pages of each number, will give it a character *second to no Magazine in the Union.* The character of the articles which shall appear in its pages, will be equally removed from a sickly sentimentality, and from an affectation of morality, but while a true delineation of human nature in every variety of passion is aimed at, nothing shall be found in its pages to cause a blush upon the check of the most pure.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER

will be sufficiently guaranteed by the reputation of both Magazines thus united, for years past. Writers of the first rank have been regular Contributors to their pages, and the tales and sketches published in them have been widely copied and read, and the firm and independent tone of the criticisms, upon the current literature of the day, has been every where approved and commended.

THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Embraces the names of most of the principal writers in America, with a respectable number of English authors. Original articles have appeared, during the last year, from the pens of the following:—

Professor Ingraham, *Author of La Fitte,*
" John Frost, Philadelphia,
" N. C. Brooks, Baltimore,
" C. F. Wines, Philadelphia, Author of Two Years in the Navy,
Captain Marryat, Author of Peter Simple, etc.
Morton McMichael, Esq. Philadelphia,
Hon. R. T. Conrad, do.
Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq. do.
Charles J. Peterson, Esq. do.
Rev. Thos. H. Stockton, do.
Samuel W. Stockton, Esq. do.
E. Armstrong, Esq. do.
General G. P. Morris, New York,
Leigh Hunt, England,
Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, Philadelphia,
Park Benjamin, New York,
Douglas Jerrold, England,
Joseph C. Neal, (Charcoal Sketches) The American Boz
James F. Otis, New York,
R. S. Elliott, Editor of Harrisburg Journal, Pa.
David Hoffman, Esq. Baltimore,
Charles West Thompson, Philadelphia,
Judge Tresoper, Dresden, New York,
John S. Du Solle, Esq.
Grenville Mellen, New York,
P. R. Eller, Editor of Columbia Spy, Pa.
The Author of "Stanley,"
Edgard A. Poe, Philadelphia,
P. G. Spear, do.
Author of "Howard Pinckney,"
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Hartford,
Miss Catharine H. Waterman, Philadelphia,
Mrs. Ann Stephens, New York,
Benson Hill, England, Editor of New Monthly Magazine,
Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Philadelphia,
James Montgomery, England,
A. M'Makin and E. Holden, Esqs.
J. Beauchamp Jones, Baltimore,
J. E. Dow, Washington City,
Mrs. F. Ellett, Boston,
Dr. Thomas Dunn English, Philadelphia.

In addition to this brilliant array of names known to fame, the distinguished services of a host of anonymous writers of no ordinary abilities, have given worth and character to the pages of the Magazines. The series of well known nautical papers entitled, "Cruising in the Last War," have had a run, unequalled by any series published in any Magazine, for years. The author promises to open the first of a new series of

TALES OF THE SEA,

and from his known abilities as a depicter of sea scenes and life, much may be relied upon from him in maintaining the popularity of the Magazine. Papers may be expected during the volume, also from the author of the well known articles entitled, "The Log of Old Ironside."—The author of "Syrian Letters," will also lend his pen, to aid and graceful pen, to sustain and increase the reputation of the work. The valuable aid of the author of "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio," has also been secured,—and we may expect something still more thrilling from the capacious stores which a long life in the profession has enabled him to amass. An occasional Chit Chat, with "Jeremy Short," and "Oliver Oldfellow" is also promised; with a variety of choice articles in prose and verse, from various writers of celebrity, as Contributors to the prominent Magazines of the country. The editors of both Magazines continue their services under the new arrangement. With such an array of talent, a Magazine of *unrivalled attractions*, may safely be promised the coming volume.

FASHIONS AND ENGRAVINGS.

In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall the ensuing volume, furnish them with a beautiful and correct plate of Fashions Monthly,—a feature, it is believed, that will neither be unwelcome nor unpopular. These fashion plates shall be drawn from original designs from Paris and London, and may always be depended upon as the prevailing style in Philadelphia and New York for the month in which they are issued. These, however, shall in no wise interfere with the regular and choice engravings, and music which accompany each number of the work. The splendid Mezzotint engravings from the burin of Sartain, which have been so justly admired, will be followed during the volume by several from the same hand, while the steel engravings in the best style of art, from interesting scenes shall still enrich the Magazine. The choicest pieces of music for the Piano and Guitar shall accompany each number of the work.

TIME OF PUBLICATION.

The work will be published on the first of the month in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscriber will consequently receive it on that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia. In all the principal cities, agents have been established, to whom the Magazine is forwarded, prior to the time of issuing it so that they may be delivered to resident subscribers by the first of the month. This is an important arrangement to distant subscribers, who become tired, importunate, and eventually discontinue many works, in consequence of the great delay by publishers.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS *per annum. Or two Copies yearly for* FIVE DOLLARS, *invariably in advance, post paid. No new subscriber received without the money, on the name of a responsible agent. For the accommodation of those who may wish to subscribe for either of the following Philadelphia periodicals, this*

LIBERAL PROPOSAL

is made. For Five Dollars current money free of postage, we will forward Graham's Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

Editors who may copy this Prospectus, and will send a copy, *marked with ink,* addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, (which will save the publisher the postage on news papers) shall be promptly furnished with the work. To be particular in this matter, we should like a copy of the paper *marked,* to be sent more than once, that no mistake or delay may occur. Editors are served with the Magazine *from the time the advertisement is inserted.* We mention this as many inserted the advertisement at the close of the last volume, and expected all the back numbers. This of course we could not be willing to grant. *Address, post paid,*

GEO. R. GRAHAM,

South-west corner of Chesnut and Third sts. Phila.

Retail Prices in Market.

For the following report of the retail prices in market for the week we are indebted to the Ledger

Beef, best, per lb. cts	10	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	12
" middling,	6a 8	Sausage meat,	10a11
Veal,	6a 9	Potatoes, peck,	15a20
Mutton,	5a 7	Apples, "	20a30
Pork, fresh, per lb.	8a10	Parsnips, qr peck,	5a 6
" pickled, "	8a 9	Lima Beans, qt	10a12½
Hams, Jersey, new,	10a12	Pickles, per 100	25a40
" Western, lb	11a13	Beets, bunch,	2a 4
Dried Beef, "	12a15	Carrots, "	2a 3
Beef's Tongues,	50a75	Cabbage, head,	2a 8
Butter, lb.	22a27	Lettuce, "	1a 2
Lard, "	12a15	Turnips, peck	10a16
Cheese, "	6a12½	Onions, rope,	5a 7
Eggs, per doz.	22a25	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk	8a10
Chickens, pair,	60a75	Baldwin Apples	3a 4
Pheasants, pair,	87½	Celery, bunch,	3a 6
Turkeys,	50a94	Peppers, basket,	20a25
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Egg Plants each,	4a 6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	15	Cranberries qt.	8a10
" dry, lb.	25	Indian Meal, ¼ peck,	10a12½
Sea Bass, &c. fresh, lb.	7a 8	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Perch, string,	12a25	Wheat, " "	81a87½
Pickled Cod, lb.	5	Buckwheat, "	62a66
Eng. Mackerel, string,	20a25	Pumpkins,	3a 6
Rock, "	20a25	Chesnuts, per qt.	8a12½
Ducks, pair,	62a87½	Walnuts, peck,	20a25
Geese,	62a75	Shellbarks, per qt.	5a 6
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Hominy, "	8a10
Rabbits,	12a20	Horseradish, root,	2a 3

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for.	par.
1929 shares	United States Bank,	66½a68½	100
20 do.	Commercial Bank,	45a55	50
744 do.	Girard Bank,	36¼a39½	50
91 do.	Mechanics Bank,	35¼	35
1 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	57	50
6 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	100½	100
6 do.	North America Bank,	392½	400
20 do.	Louisville Bank,	81	100
212 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	12¼a14	100
50 do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,	12½	31
22 do.	Exchange Bank Pitts.	42	50
652 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	44¼a43	50
10 do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	82	100
20 do.	Franklin Insurance Co.	109	100

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.		
28 Saturday,	7 17	4 43	5 21			
29 Sunday,	7 18	4 42	6 9		D. H. M.	
30 Monday,	7 18	4 42	6 30			
1 Tuesday,	7 19	4 41	7 33			
2 Wednesday,	7 20	4 40	8 15	First	2	8 3
3 Thursday,	7 20	4 40	9 0	Full	9	12 30
4 Friday,	7 21	4 39	9 40	Last	16	3 52
5 Saturday,	7 21	4 39	10 35	New	23	9 11

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 6 A. M. and 4 and 5 P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 3½ A. M. & 5½ P. M.	Western at 3 A. M. 2½ P. M.

Married,

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. D. Dodge, Mr. Henry Bete to Miss Louisa M. daughter of the late Capt. G. Gray, all of this city.

At Friends' Meeting House, Leicester, Mass. on the 19th inst. Wm. E. Hacker, of this city, to Eliza, daughter of the late Pliny Earle, of the former place.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Z. H. Costin, Dr. Wm. M. Wright, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. H. D. Sellers, all of Pittsburg.

On the 22d inst. Mr. Benjamin De Young, to Miss Matilda Lazarus, both of Amsterdam.

On the 22d inst. by J. McDowell, Mr. Robert Taylor, to Miss Sarah Ann Tomlinson, daughter of Robert Tomlinson, of Germantown.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. John Gibson, to Miss Mary Notman, both of Edinburg, Scotland.

On Wednesday evening, 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Morton, Mr. Samuel Tobey, to Miss Mary, daughter of Benjamin Jones, Esq. all of this city.

At Newark, N. J. on Wednesday morning, 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Belden, Horace C. Pack, of Philadelphia, to Julia Anna, daughter of the late Col. Stephen Hays, of Newark.

In Lancaster city, Mr. A. Theodore Cruz, of Philadelphia, to Miss Caroline Matilda Cruz, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Baker, of that city.

On Thursday the 12th inst. by Samuel W. Earl, Mayor of the city of Burlington, Mr. Enoch Hollingshead, to Miss Rachel E. Atkinson, daughter of Isiah Atkinson.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Cornelius J. Tyndale, to Martha, daughter of William Morris, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev. R. Demme, Mr. John A. Hoffes, Jr. of Bedford, Pa. to Miss Henrietta M. daughter of Dr. George Martin, of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. J. M. Douglass, Mr. Wm. Leech, of Kingsessing, to Miss Rosina, daughter of the late Henry Kuckersperger, of Passyunk, Philada. county.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. H. Bibighaus, Mr. Francis Cever, of the N. Liberties, to Miss Martha Engles, of Southwark.

On the 18th inst. by Alderman Brazer, Mr. William M. Rogers, of Burlington, county, N. J. to Miss Lydia Wright.

On the 22d ult. At St. Louis, Missouri, by the Rev. G. C. Light, of the Methodist E. Church, Rufus Keyser, (Bricklayer,) of Philadelphia, to Martha Rupely, of the former place.

In Baltimore, on Sunday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Steel, Mr. John Bowar, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Mills, of Baltimore.

On the 23d inst. in St. Augustine's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Kyle, Mr. Joseph M. Wolff, to Hester Ann James, all of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Wm. W. Ball, to Mary Ann, daughter of Thomas Graham, Esq. all of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Mr. Robert Black, to Miss Sarah, youngest daughter of David Ray, Esq. all of this city.

On the evening of the 24th inst. by Alderman Mitchell, Mr. Samuel Wilson, Jr. to Miss Eliza Lougbrack, both of Philadelphia county.

On Sunday evening, 22d inst. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Mr. Thomas E. Baynes, of this city, to Miss E. N. Bruner, daughter of William Bruner, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

By the Rev. Mr. Rood on the 19th inst. Mr. William Stoner, to Miss Mary Louisa Bensel, all of this city.

Died,

Suddenly, on Sunday morning, Nov. 22d, Mrs. Ann Streaker, late of Burlington, N. Jersey, aged 60 years and 4 months.

On Friday morning, at Christ Church Hospital, Mrs. Ann Cope, aged 85 years, a native of Derbyshire, England.

On Friday, the 20th inst. Comly Rich.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 19th inst. Mrs. Maria Sperry, relict of the late F. W. Sperry.

On the 21st inst. after a lingering illness, borne with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Samuel W. Nesbit, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Daniel Eplee, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Margaret Bell, in the 95th year of her age.

On the 21st inst. after a painful illness of a few days, Samuel Garretson, Jr. aged 13 days.

On the 20th ult. on board the barque Ann Louisa, at New York, from Vera Cruz, Florida in sight, Henry Loudins, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. in the 47th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Orr.

On the 19th inst. in his 76th year of his age, Benj. B. Morgan, of Gloucester county, New Jersey.

At Holmesburg, on the 7th inst. after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Willard, aged 29 years.

On the 23d inst. Mr. George Crabo, aged 70 years.

On the 23d inst. of consumption of the lungs, Nicholas Clark.

On the 23d inst. Mr. William Akins.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Catharine Kisting, wife of Wm. Kistine, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. Harvey Grandom, in the 62d year of his age.

On the 17th inst. Catharine Kramer, in the 63d year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Nicholas Stinebeck, in the 35th year of his age, of the United States Navy.

OBITUARY.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 10th inst. Mrs. S. C. Gibson, wife of Dr. Wm. Gibson, Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, and daughter of Samuel Hollingsworth, Esq. of Baltimore, Maryland. Endowed by nature with great loveliness of personal appearance and unusual amiability of mind, she attracted to herself the affection of all with whom she associated; mixing extensively in the general circle of refined society, her courtesy and gentleness were objects of universal admiration, and secured for her the warm attachment of a very large number of friends. In the smaller but more hallowed sphere of domestic duty, her influence was always exercised in the encouragement of those virtues which adorn the character of the wife and mother. In all circumstances here was that "charity which thinketh no evil," and her highest satisfaction was found in promoting the peace and happiness of others, even though at the sacrifice of her own comfort.

Health Office, November 21, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia Southwark Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 14th to the 21st November.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	18	10
Congestion of Lungs,	7	0	Inflammation of Brain,	0	3
Convulsions,	1	4	——Lungs,	3	1
Dropsy,	2	0	——Bowels,	4	0
Disease of the Heart,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	1	2
——Lungs,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
Debility,	0	3	Palsy,	1	0
Epilepsy,	1	0	Small Pox,	0	1
Fever,	1	0	Still Born,	0	8
——Remittent,	0	1	Suicide,	1	0
——Scarlet,	0	2	Ulceration of Bowels,	0	1
Hemorrhage,	1	0	Unknown,	1	0
—— from Bowels,	1	0			
Carried over,	18	10	Total,	57——32	25

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, and 2 people of color, which are included in the total amount. By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov.	15,	46	46	48
	16,	37	44	42
	17,	29	41	43
	18,	31	34	31
	19,	36	38	37
	20,	38	41	43
	21,	33	39	40

COCOONS WANTED.—The Subscriber is prepared to purchase Cocoons, at his filature, NO. 390 HIGH STREET, for which the highest prices will be given.
aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, (Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.) No 116 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the self styled "CHEAPEST," or any other.
Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 12 3t—tf

PIEDMONTESE REELS.—The Subscriber has for sale Reels of the above celebrated kind at his filature, No. 390 High Street.
aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c.
mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENSRY.

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Remarks—A large number of vessels have arrived within a few weeks past, bringing supplies of Sugar, Coffee, Cotton and other products. Vessels being now more plenty an increased demand for Flour will probably take place. Late advices from China, by the Ann McKim have caused holders of East India goods to advance their rates materially.

Bark—Prices having declined, there has been an increased demand for Quercitron. Sales of 125 hhds at $33 a34 per ton for 1st No. 1, and $31 for 1st No. 2.

Coffee—The demand continues moderate. Sales of Rio at 10½ to 11 cts for ordinary to fair quality; Laguyra 11, and St. Domingo 9½ cts per lb. all on time.

Cotton—On Monday 1133 bales of Cotton arrived from New Orleans, and 413 bales from Charleston. The demand continues moderate, and prices are steady.

Flour and Meal—The Flour market continues rather quiet, and prices are steady at $5 for Penna, and $5.25 per bbl for Brandywine. Rye Flour—Sales at $2.75 per bbl, which is a decline. Corn Meal—The price in bbls has settled down at $2.50 for Penna Meal, with considerable sales.

Grain—There has been a freshet in the Schuylkill, which has kept back supplies of Wheat and other produce. Sales of good to prime Penna red at $1a1.03. Southern at 87½ to 95 cts, as in quality. Rye—Last sale was at 50 cts. Corn is dull and prices declining. Sales of round yellow at 49. We quote old Southern flat at 46 cts, and white 44 cts. Oats are in demand at 26 cts for Southern.

Molasses—Market exceedingly inactive.

Provisions—The sales have been only in a retail way, and are unworthy of special notice.

Spirits—Sales of 40a50 pipes and half pipes Bordeaux Brandy at $1.27½a1.30 per gallon. Whiskey—Small sales in hhds at 24a27, and large lots occasionally at 22 cents. Bbls are steady at 24 cts.

Sugars—The receipts have been to a fair extent, and the article finds sale as soon as landed at steady prices. Sales of 650 boxes at 7½ to 8 cts for brown St. Jago and Havana, and 9½ cts for common white St. Jago; 20 hhds Porto Rico at 1½ cts, all 4a6 mos.

Teas—The late advices of the blockade of Canton, have caused holders to advance their prices considerably, but no sales have been reported and some parcels have been withdrawn from the market.

Tobacco—Sales of 180 bales Cuba at 21a24 cts per lb.—*North American.*

STORE STAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber will offer at public sale, on seventh day, the 26th of 12th month next, a valuable Store Stand and lot of ground, containing 7 acres and 49 perches, situated in Unionsille, Chester county, nine miles south-west from West Chester. The improvements are a substantial dwelling house 36 by 28 feet, one half brick, the other half log, plastered outside and in, and finished in front in imitation of brick, containing four rooms on the first floor, and five on the second, with a wash house back, and a never-failing well of good water near the door, with a pump therein. Adjoining the dwelling is use is a frame store house 33 by 17 feet, plastered without, and lined with boards within. Also a frame barn and carriage house—the barn is 33 by 27 feet, with a threshing floor and corn crib, and stabling under the whole. The land is of good quality, and divided into four lots, principally by post fence, nearly new, with different kinds of apple, cherry, and pear trees thereon. The above described property is situated in a conspicuous part of one of the most popular villages in the county, the State road from New Hope in Pa. to Cummings's bridge in Md. A public road from Lancaster to Wilmington, and another from the Lancaster turnpike, to the street road, all pass by said property, and intersect each other near the buildings. A post office, with a tri-weekly mail from Philadelphia to Baltimore, has been connected with the establishment for many years. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, and conditions made known by CHAS. BUFFINGTON.
nov 28 4t

TO TAILORS.—**Mahan's Protractor and Proof Systems of Garment Cutting.**—The subscribers to these systems are being numerous than to any others in the United States, and wherever the systems are known, they are approved of. We publish below two certificates, which may be seen by calling at our office, as well as some hundred others, of the same import.

TERMS, $10 for the first year, and $5 for each succeeding year in advance, Patent Plane Scale Holders (an invention of F. M.) $2 to $4 Holly Protractors, with metal bases $2 to $4, Scales on Bristol boards, varnished $1 per sett. Illustration of Fashions or Picture Plates beautifully engraved and colored, published every spring and fall. Double inch measures at wholesale and retail.

N. B. Those already acquainted with the Protractor System will be charged but $5 from the commencement of their subscribing.

F. MAHAN,
No. 215 Chesnut street.

Wilmington, N. C. Nov. 5th, 1840.

Mr. Francis Mahan—Dear Sir—I have been using your rule 12 months, and find it far better than any other that I have ever used, and so long as you continue to display so much taste in your drafts and plates of fashion, you may place my name down in your list as a regular subscriber. Yours, respectfully,

THOMAS H. HOWEY.

Laporte, Ind. Sept. 2d, 1840.

Mr. Francis Mahan—Dear Sir—I have used your system of Garment Cutting ever since I became a subscriber, and must say that it is the best I am acquainted with. I have expended a considerable sum of money for the various rules that are now in use, and I think I have at last obtained what I have been seeking for, during the last five or six years, a perfect rule—your's comes nearer to perfection than any I have tried, I have laid aside all others and use yours. Your's, &c.

nov 21 3t W. K. PARKER.

DO ANY YET DOUBT THE VALUE OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT! Let them read the following letter from one who has no interest in its sale:

Philadelphia, December, 1837.

To Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—The astonishing and almost miraculous beneficial effects your valuable EXPECTORANT had on my neighbor the Rev. Dr Rusling, made so favorable an impression on my mind, that after consulting with several friends, and learning that you were a *regular Practitioner of Medicine*, I called upon you, and purchased half a dozen bottles, and told you that if I lived to take them, you should have a good report from me.

I am alive and well this day! Thanks be to a merciful God, and your Expectorant; and now I come forward cheerfully to fulfil my promise.

For twenty long years had I been a constant sufferer from the effects of a hard, dry cough, pain in my breast, and difficulty of breathing, the last five of which chills and fevers, every spring and fall, were added to my misery. I was worn away to a mere skeleton, with the greatest difficulty only could I get up and down stairs; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends were persuaded I could not survive many weeks unless I obtained relief. Indeed, sir, my situation was so perfectly miserable to myself and so distressing to my family, that I felt willing to die, whenever it should please the Master to take me home. But I heard of your medicine, and relief came. Yes! it proved the "Balm of Gilead" to my poor afflicted body. Before I had taken ONE BOTTLE, I experienced a mitigation of all my symptoms, and to my great joy I found in the continued use of it the happiest relief. In short, sir, IT HAS MADE A PERFECT CURE OF ME—and I can truly say, I have no desire to be better.

Now I consider it a duty I owe you and through you, the public to make my case known, believing that it will be the means of directing hundreds who are afflicted, as I have been, to the use of a remedy which, under the blessing of God, I consider to have PRESERVED MY LIFE.

You are at liberty, sir, to make use of this letter to your advantage, and make my case as extensively known as you please. If there be any who doubt the truth of the above account, refer them to me. I shall be happy to see them, and will not only confirm the above statements but will give them particulars which it would be unnecessary to furnish for the public press. With everlasting gratitude, I am, dear sir, your obliged friend.

MARY GILL.

No. 78 Tamany street, above Fourth.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. nov 21-3m

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS or every one his own Physician. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALE'S VADE MECUM. Also by the same.—A Non-medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances, sympathies, and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed, sep 26-1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 17-1y

FRANKLIN PARK BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, *Burlington county, New Jersey.*—This institution is situated about four and a half miles from the city of Burlington, and one from Ancocas Meeting House. The situation being peculiarly pleasant and healthy, and the buildings large and commodious, it is in every respect well adapted to the purpose.

The pupils in this Seminary are carefully instructed in the various branches of an English education, viz: Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Composition, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Geography, the use of the Globes, History, and the different branches of Mathematics.

The Latin and Greek Languages, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry are also taught in the School.

A course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry is delivered during the Autumn and Winter, in which the principles of those sciences are explained, and illustrated by experiments.

The terms for Tuition, Boarding, Lodging, Washing and Mending, Fuel and Lights, Pens and Ink, are $40 per quarter of twelve weeks, payable in advance—no charge is made for the use of the Globes and Maps, Class Books for reading, or the use of the Library. Other Books and Stationary are supplied at the usual rates.

There will be two vacations in each year, the one of two weeks, commencing about the middle of the fourth month, (April,) and the other of three weeks, commencing about the middle of the ninth month (September.)

The Students to be furnished with their own towels and basons; and to have them and their clothes distinctly marked.

MAYBERRY M'VAUGH, Superintendent and Proprietor.
WM. DENNIS, (late Teacher of the Greek and Latin Languages in Haverford School,)
BENJAMIN H. DEACON, Teachers.

9mo. 1840. REFERENCES.
John Gummere, Haverford School, Pa.
Samuel R. Gummere, Burlington, N. J.
Robert Thomas,
Kimber & Sharpless, Philadelphia.
Uriah Hunt,
Charles Champion,
James Paul, Willow Grove, Pa.
Joseph S. Shotwell, New York.
Joshua Kimber, Flushing, Long Island.
Job Sherman, Newport, R. I.

Conveyance from Burlington to the school can at any time be obtained on reasonable terms, and the Mount Holly stage from Philadelphia runs daily within one mile of the school. nov 1-6t

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A new volume of the old and well established family newspaper,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

is begun with the present number. The volume is opened with material improvements, both typographical and literary. The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this field, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of every contemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best new American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. In order, however, that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made with the first authors of the country, for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

ORIGINAL TALES,

historical sketches, poetry, &c.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly,

☞ **NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,** ☜

and that as news, and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall *studiously*, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partisan politics.

The paper is now printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

Our NEWS DEPARTMENT undergoes the strictest supervision, and every thing important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers,

THE FARMERS

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such

NEWS,

as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The *state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly given.*

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ken Ye What The Matter Be?

A SONG.

BY [illegible]

When lovely Helen, Donald meets,
How sparkles bright her bonny e'e!
How sweeter rosy, grows her cheek!
O ken ye what the matter be?
Ken ye what the matter be?
Ken ye what the matter be?
There's something about the matter be.

An' if wi' Donald i' the dance,
The figures plain she cannot see,
She's always gliding wrongly through;
O ken ye what the matter be?
Ken ye what the matter be?
Ken ye what the matter be?
I'll tell ye what the matter be.

Young Cupid—was hit somein' nought?—
Has twanged his bow wi' boldness free,
An' wi' his arrow hit the mark—
Now ken ye what the matter be?
Ken ye what the matter be?
Ken ye what the matter be?
Ye'll ken now what the matter be.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1840.

An Orator Used Up.

"Feller citizens," exclaimed an independent orator on Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock, while he held on to lamp-post with one arm, and lashed the air with the other. "Feller citizens! I'm the man wot stands up (when I'm not drunk) for individual rights! Hurrah for our side!—it's no use of arguing the question, friends and feller citizens—I'm as dry as blazes, and haven't taken a horn for the last five minutes. Down with ab-b-bolitionism and temperance societies! them's my sentiments, and I'm likewise friendly to universal *sufferage*. Go it rearers and besters!"

Hereupon the tremendous outpouring of eloquence became so overpowering, that he forsook his best friend, the lamp-post, and made a lurch into the gutter. "I'm in for it," continued he, "to your tents, oh! Israel!—the last link is broken and I'm a gone sucker. Friends and feller citizens, d'ye see them stars wot blinks in the blue heavens? Sooner shall they fly from their e—ethereal *speers* than I from the position I have taken in this affair! I'm for a free expression of sentiment, and no gag law—hurra for me! them's my sentiments!"

"Look here, mister," said the watch, interrupting the strain of pure and unadulterated patriotism, "though you have no audience but myself, you appear to be well *backed*—and speak in a *gutter-al* tone. Why, man, you can't *stand up* for your cause."

"Do you mean to doubt my p-p-patriotism, mister?" asked the orator, making a motion to take the floor erect. "Do you mean to insinewate that I can't support my arguments nor myself either? Friends and feller citizens—I go in my wote like a man—I went the whole figure. Listen to the voice of the patriot who fought, bled and died for—look here, mister—is there any liquor shop anywhere within a reasonable distance?"

"Yes, there's one a very short distance off, where you will be provided for."

"Wh—wh—what's the name?"

"The Pilgrim's Retreat."

"Plenty of good liquors there?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of good *lickers*."

"Well, I'll go—provided you stand by me.—But stop, let me make my last dying speech and confession to the Universe.—Friends and feller citizens!—I thank you for your kind attendance; weighty business calls me away: I'm a whole soul'd feller—and ready to meet my an—a—antagonist, whenever he's ready. Whoop, boys—O. K."

Here the orator bowed, and placed himself under the charge of the self-nominated committee of one—the Charlie, who stowed him away among the odds and ends of the watchhouse.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Wit in Choosing Texts.

A young preacher, in the time of James I. being appointed to hold forth before the Vice-Chancellor and heads of colleges of Oxford, chose for his text, "What, cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the Vice-Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate Vice-Chancellor as often awoke, and this happened so often, that at last all present could see the joke. The Vice-Chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and the talk it occasioned, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his grace procured him the honor of preaching before the king. Here, also, he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words—"James 1st and 6th, Waver not," which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He is at me already;" but he was upon the whole so well pleased with his clerical wag, as to make him one of his chaplains in ordinary. He afterward went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door;
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat;
So Lucy ran up, and in two minutes more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was wo;
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kissed him and whispered, poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a *ring*."

A Damp Gall.—If it warn't for the plaguy rhumatiz I caught once to Nova Scotia, says I, a-sleepin' in a bed the night arter a damp gall lodged there, I think I would give you a trial, says I; but the very thoughts of that foggy heifer gives me the cramp.

I jist said that to make him larf, for I seed he was a-gettin' his steam up rather faster than was safe, and that he could just double me up like a spare shirt if he liked, for nothin' will take the wiry edge of a man's temper off like a joke: he fairly roared out, it tickled him so. Well, says he, I like that idea of the damp gall; it's capital that: it's a Jerusalem bright thought. I'll air my wife, Miss Wolfe, before the fire to-night; I hope I may be kicked to death by grasshoppers if I don't. I'll heat her red-hot, till she scorches the sheets. Lord! how she'll kick and squeal when I spread her out on the clothes-horse. How it will make her squinch her face, won't it? She never hollers unless she's hurt, does Miss Wolfe, for she is a lady every inch of her, and a credit to her broughten-up. A damp gall! Come, that's good! it accounts for some on'em bein' so wretched cold.—*Sam Slick.*

An Illustration by way of Definition.—"Pray what is nonsense?" asked a wight who talked little else. "Nonsense?" replied his friend, "why, sir, it's nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

Cons.—*New ones.*—Why is the small pox like a steel trap? Because it is *catching*.

Why is an oyster like a highway? Because it cannot be used until it is *opened*.

Good Advice.—Whenever you speak any thing, think well and look narrowly *what* you speak, *where* you speak, *of whom* you speak, lest you bring yourself into trouble.

Equivocal.—"Tom, what makes your nose so red?" "Why the fact is, Bob, I *blow* it a little too hard."

From the Philadelphia Casket.

Cruizing in the Last War.

No. XVI.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

The Mess.

"The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better."
Tam O'Shanter.

The impatience with which I remained at Gibraltar, was soon dissipated by the news that we were to sail for Malta, on the ensuing morning; and accordingly on the third day after Isabel and her father had departed, our anchor was hove up, and we stood out to sea under an easy sail.

It was a bright morning, and the mists were just lifting from the waters, as we stretched across the blue Mediterranean. The dark, frowning fortress, lighted up by the rays of the rising sun, lifted its stern front in our rear to the heavens. Far on the eastern seaboard the skies were reddened with the blush of morn, and a long line of golden light, flickered and blazed upon the sea toward us, forming, as it were, a path of glory to the bright luminary on the horizon. A light breeze sang through the rigging. The waters rippled pleasantly under the bows, with a low, gurgling, musical sound. As we swept gracefully away from our anchorage, the notes of the morning bugle of the garrison, floated over the waters after us, mellowed down by the distance, until its tones seemed almost those of enchantment.

I was standing near the gangway—when an old quarter-master, with whom I had often familiarly chatted, approached me, and pointing to the fast-receding fortress, said:

"We bid fair to leave the old lion there, sir, rather faster than the merchantmen which sailed three days ago."

"Why?" said I.

"Why?—in the first place you'll grant that our winds ever since have been light and ahead." I nodded assent—"and in the second place, may-hap you may n't *remember*—though you've been up the Mediterranean before—that there are such things as storms, hereaway sometimes which would blow old Gibraltar itself over, if the devil himself hadn't sworn to keep it up for these rascally Englishers to brag of. Ay—and there is mischief enough brewing now aloft, to keep us all at our posts, before many watches are over, or my name is n't Tom Kentledge, of New Bedford."

"I really can't see any signs of sharp weather, Kentledge," said I incredulously, scanning the while the horizon with my eyes. Everything seemed fair. All nature smiled in calmness and purity around.

"Ah! Mr. Danforth," answered the old fellow, with a knowing shake of the head, "it takes a long time to learn all the ways of the sky, and many a rough night and fearful danger passes over us before we can tell when a storm's brewing overhead. But—mark my words—had I been skipper here, I'd have held close by my anchors for forty-eight hours, or even a matter or so more, and not run my nose out here to sea, when before the sun rises again, we may have to scud down everything till we're as bare as a mop stick, and even then scud at the rate of twenty knots, as though Davy Jones himself was blowing at the bellows behind us—"

"Ah! Danforth," at this instant broke in one of the lieutenants, "we've been asking for you at our mess these ten minutes—come along my good fellow, let's give a parting bumper to the 'lassies dear' of old Gibraltar," and taking me by the arm, the jolly Virginian brought our conversation to a close, by dragging me down to join his fellow officers below.

"Here he is," said the noisy swabe, as I entered the room, while shouts of "thinking of Miss Thornton, eh!—looking out for Malta already, my boy—dreaming of white favors and all that—wishing the banns were cried," met me on every hand. I saw at once how it was. But I resolved to run the gauntlet without flinching; and I met their attacks with such success that in less than five minutes, to use a warlike phrase, I had silenced their batteries.

Before noon the prediction of old Kentledge began to be verified. The sun became obscured behind a thick veil of clouds; the wind increased almost to a hurricane, and the sea rose to a height that was momentarily becoming more appalling.—Every thing bore evidence of a violent storm. The whole horizon was covered with dark massy clouds, growing more intense as the day progressed. Reef after reef had been taken in, and yet still the frigate groaned beneath the tempest. The creaking of the bulk-heads;—the whistling of the gale in the rigging;—the roaring of the surge as it foamed along, and the deep voice of the officer of the deck, thundering his rapid orders to the crew, mingled together in terrific discord, filling the mind with the consciousness of danger. At times the violence of the gale would be so tremendous, that the old frigate could scarcely stagger along beneath it. Again it would lull, and then once more burst fiercer than before across our decks. All through the long afternoon this elemental strife continued; and when night set in the storm was still increasing. As I had no watch to keep I went below soon after seven bells had struck, and looking a moment into the mess room, found several of the officers, endeavoring to "make a night of it," as the phrase goes, in despite of wind and weather.

"Danforth you're the very man we want—push the bottle to him—take a piece of cold junk—"

"Hold on all," bawled the third lieutenant, interrupting him, as the ship heeled suddenly over, pitching me headforemost into the lap of the speaker—"by the Harry you've stove me in."

"Faith and its you that's the butt now, instead of Danforth," echoed another, grasping the bottle with one hand and waving it triumphantly around his head, as he held on to a locker with the other.

"A toast boys—stand by all, for a toast," roared the stumpy Virginian, rollicking about on his little short legs, as he held his half-filled tumbler aloft, "let's have a bumper."

The words had scarcely left his mouth before another sea struck the frigate, and the speaker, losing his balance, was pitched against the bulk-head.

"And which kind of a bumper are you meaning, my boy?" interposed another, amid roars of laughter.

The toast, however, was soon announced. It was to a certain confidential agent of our government, of whom the reader has already heard. I rose to return my thanks.

"Gentlemen—fellow officers."

"Hear him—hear him," sung out in chorus the whole set.

"Gentlemen," I began again, "called upon on this important occasion to—to return my heartfelt thanks for the honor just conferred upon me, I cannot begin without regretting that our pleasant companionship is so soon to be brought to a close. (Great cheers.) I see you respond to my sentiments of regret at having to leave you at Malta (renewed cheering); but this melancholy theme, though sweet to think upon, must not occupy too much time in my remarks. I may say, gentlemen, from my heart, that I have never sailed with a choicer mess; and that, be my life long or short, the remembrance of this voyage will be ever fresh in my bosom, like, like, like——"

"Oh! an ose in the desert, Danforth, to be sure," sung out the Virginian, amid another roar of laughter, in which, after a moment of gravity, I had myself to join. I rallied, however, and would have continued, but I found myself at a loss for a topic.

"What shall I say, Dick?" said I, joining in the fun, and asking my neighbor the question in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the whole mess.

"Oh! throw in something about the war—or a little touch at Gibraltar—or—or, let's call the parson, oh! my boys."

"No, no—no sport at his expense," I cried, "he's too worthy a man for that, but talking of parsons, we had one up the straights with us, in 180—, who was as fine a specimen of your old, red-faced, amphibious white-band, as ever read prayers in the morning, and got drunk after dinner in a British flag-ship. I can tell a trick or two of his which will go for a speech, shall it, my lads?"

"Ay—ay—a speech or a story—and long 't give us the latter first."

"Well then, old Cogniac, as we used to call him, was a fair representative of the drinking, fighting, salt-water parsons of old. He had n't a particle of fear about him—could drink his three bottles with any man living—knew how to read the service over a dead man properly, and had the greatest knack of providing for a mess in port of any man living. We once got into a duel to avenge an insult on our flag, and on casting lots for the challenger, the lot fell upon old Cogniac.—One of the lieutenants offered instantly to take his place, but he swore he wouldn't be cheated out of his job by any man, and the only way he was kept from fighting, was by making him drunk, and despatching the challenge while he lay senseless in his hammock. The duel was fought, but the parson never forgave us.

"But to my story. One day a poor fellow, after lingering on for months in a protracted, painful illness, got his discharge. In a word he died, and after the usual time had elapsed, his corpse was brought on deck, and a boat ordered out to carry it ashore, it being the instructions of the captain that the body should be buried on the neighboring coast, between high and low water mark. But when they came to search for the parson he was nowhere to be found. At length, however, he was ferretted out from the cock-pit, where some of us mids had been trying to make him gloriously drunk. He was still, however, in possession of his faculties, though I must confess they were somewhat clouded, and when he reached the decks, the drunken gravity with which he received his orders was almost too much for the lieutenant's risible faculties. Had the skipper seen him it would have gone hard with the parson; but luckily Captain —— was on shore, and the officer of the deck good humoredly resolved to forget all about it in his report to his superior.—So the parson was tumbled into the stern sheets, and the boat put off.

"The excursion, however, did his faculties little good, except to involve them in the most glorious confusion. He remembered he had to oversee the burial of the poor fellow lying at his feet, and he had a kind of dim idea that the corpse was to be interred below high-water mark. But he recollected nothing else. To add to the confusion the boat landed at a little fishing village, and through the carelessness of the midshipman in command the men themselves got partly intoxicated, while the young chap himself, having shared in the parson's former potations, was not of the soundest mind imaginable at that moment. In this state they reached their place of destination, when, as might have been expected, not a man of them knew how to proceed. The body of the poor fellow—to make a long story short—was huddled into the grave, at the required spot, without a line of the service being read over his remains.

"No sooner had the boat left the frigate, however, than the officer of the deck began to entertain uneasy suspicions of the capacity of the parson to execute his duty. He watched them, therefore, with a glass, and saw the whole affair. No sooner had old Cogniac set foot upon the deck on his return than the lieutenant said,

"'Why, Mr. ——, do you know you have done what will break you?'

"'Done what will break me?' echoed the parson in alarm, completely sobered by the intelligence.

"'You! you've disobeyed orders by burying that poor fellow with such indecent haste. You never even read the service over him. What report can I make to the skipper, unless the truth?'

"'Oh dear! oh dear!' ejaculated the parson, frightened into a partial decorum of expression, 'what shall I do? I'm ruined—I'm ruined—oh! oh!'

"'Do,' answered the lieutenant, assuming a grave countenance, although he could scarcely refrain from laughing outright, so inexpressibly ludicrous were the words and looks of the parson—'there is only one thing I fear—I *must* report the truth—I'm sorry—but it can't be helped—your place is certainly gone.'

"'But what if we bury the man over again, and do it right, eh?' said old Cogniac, winking with half-drunken gravity, as the bright thought presented itself to him.

"The whole quarter deck—for by this time every officer on board had gathered around the culprit—was convulsed with laughter. To cut short my tale, that very day, at the next ebb, and before the captain returned, the parson really put his scheme into execution, and the whole matter was hushed up. Such were, too often, our black gowns of the old school,—but that day—you know—has passed.

"And now for a story from you, Harry," sung out an officer beside me, turning to the Virginian, "give us a real cut-and-thrust one—a volcano—something as fiery as Decatur."

"All hands on deck," at this moment, came shrieking through the frigate, and at the same instant the ship heeled over so fearfully that I thought she would never regain her position. At length she recovered it, but slowly and with difficulty. We had scarcely disentangled ourselves from the heap in one corner, into which we had been thrown pell-mell, when a warrant officer appeared at the door, and touching his hat, said

"Gentlemen, the captain requests all of you to come on deck."

"By the soul of old Virginny," ejaculated our second lieutenant, "its a rough night overhead, and we'll have something else to do before long than to tell stories in a mess-room—but let's see what's the matter, come on all."

The sight which met our eyes on reaching the deck sobered, at once, such of the party as had begun to feel the combined influence of the grog, and the close, hot room. The night was no longer dark and cloudy, for every vestige of vapor had been scattered from the firmament, by the terrific violence of the gale; and the heavens, far and near, were clear as in the brightest twilight. The storm in fact had passed away; but the wind still raged with unabated violence. Its deep thunder as it roared through the rigging was awfully sublime. The swell, too, was gigantic. The old frigate had been lying to, but stout as her timbers were, she trembled in every joint, as the surges broke over her bow. The moment had arrived indeed when it was no longer possible for her to maintain her position; and just as we reached the deck we found the captain himself, with the trumpet in hand, thundering forth his orders to put the ship before the wind, as there was no longer any resource but in scudding.

The moment that follows this command is always a thrilling one. It is rarely resorted to except in cases of great emergency, at which times the sea is always fearful. The danger is that in *paying off*, the ship should not work well, and a sea throw itself into her waist during the instant that she is broadside on, when, from the narrow build of men-of-war, there is a greater danger of broaching to, than in the case of merchant ships, the latter being generally of broader beam in proportion to their size. Every one, therefore, watched the progress of the contemplated manœuvre with the greatest anxiety. Not a whisper was heard—scarcely a breath was drawn during its execution. Each man stood silent at his post. Every thing was manned. The men stood eagerly waiting their orders. The captain was on the quarter-deck watching to windward for a lull.

"Hard up—jam your helm—around all," he sung out at last, as he detected the favorable moment; and in a second's time, the gallant old craft, fell off, her sails flapped a moment against the mast, and then filling on the other tack, she went driving before the gale. Every one felt a relief which no pen can describe.

For more than an hour we drove before the gale, enveloped in flying spray, and careering like a race-horse on our course. Now a wave would almost overtake us, and its white crest be already curling over our taffrail, when suddenly the old frigate would forge ahead faster than ever, leaving the pursuing surge foaming a fathom or more astern. The roaring of the tempest, meanwhile, was terrific. As the hurricane increased in intensity, the horizon, lately so clear and cloudless, became obscured in a thick mist, from the volumes of spray flying through the firmament; but still, dimly and indistinctly through the fog, stretched out before us on every side, the now flattened ocean, whitened with foam, and seeming a vast plain covered with new-fallen snow.

The night, meanwhile, wore on; yet the gale abated not. The quick, jerking motion of the frigate had been exchanged for the gliding sensation of scudding, and most of us anxious to watch the crisis of the tempest, remained on deck. The spectacle around us, moreover, that grew every moment more sublime, was not without its charms. A thick fog by this time, caused by the driving spray, had settled close around us; but the very obscurity in which it enveloped every thing, only filled us with sensations of greater awe. We knew we were driving before the tempest with an almost inconceivable velocity, but in vain we directed our eyes around the horizon, to see if we could discover any signs of approaching land. Nothing met our eyes but that impenetrable veil of mist. Not even a sound was heard, unless it was the hissing of the surge, or the scream of the tempest. At times the white crests around us would seem on fire—and then, only their dark green fathomless bosoms met our gaze. Now the old frigate would dart away as if infuriated, from the pursuit of the relentless surges in its rear—and now the fine, wet, drizzling spray would fly along the decks, and far away ahead of us on the whistling gale. Meantime our velocity did not slacken. Riding gallantly upon the bosom of the long swell, with the foam drifting furiously aside, and our long yards swinging swiftly to and fro as we rolled, we seemed rivalling the very tempest in its velocity.

"We are driving like a comet, and the gale still increases," ejaculated the Virginian, "at this rate we shall bring up at Smyrna before another day, eh Danforth, no chance for Malta."

"Hush!" said I, "don't you hear a hail off here to larboard—hark!" and I raised my finger, and listened to catch again, if possible, the sound of a human voice, which I had fancied, but the moment before, I had heard mingling with the shrill whistle of the hurricane.

"Ship ahoy!—a sail broad on the larboard bow," sung out a look-out, with such startling vehemence, as to draw the instant attention of every one on board.

Not an eye but turned, with the rapidity of thought, toward the indicated quarter. For a moment, however, we beheld only the whitened ocean and the driving spray; but in another instant the tall masts of a ship rose, like magic, out of the mist, and with a cry of horror we saw that we were shooting, with the rapidity of a meteor, right on to the stranger. As the fog swept momentarily away from the sides of the ship, disclosing the build and proportions of a heavy merchantman, I fancied, that I had beheld her somewhere before, and I rapidly scanned her rig to assure myself of the truth. She was perhaps wider in the beam, and more full in her mould than ourselves. She carried nothing except a close reefed fore-topsail, while we were staggering along under double reefed courses. We were consequently going with almost double the velocity of the stranger; and at our present rate could soon be upon her quarter. Already we were in terrible propinquity to her. At that instant the flutter of a woman's dress was distinctly seen upon her quarter-deck, and with the keen vision of a lover, I detected in the beautiful form, to which it belonged, my own Isabel. It was the ship in which she had embarked that we were approaching. The danger was imminent, heart-sickening. For an instant I was almost paralysed as I thought upon her terrible situation, while a confused jingling rang through my ears, and a wild, rapid singing sensation shot through my brain.—But it was no time for idleness. The condition of either vessel was equally hazardous. A few moments would decide our fates. Already a circuit might have been thrown upon the stranger's decks. Yet even in this moment of peril I could not resist the temptation of catching once more a sight of Isabel, for God knows!—it might perhaps be the last I should ever enjoy. I sprang upon a gun, and holding on to a rope, shouted as the two ships approached. I might as well have cried to the dead. My voice was lost in the deep thunder of the tempest. But Isabel had seen the movement—she recognised me. Her beautiful face was pale as ashes, but her lips moved as if speaking, and she waved her arm toward me. But at that instant the crisis of our fate had come. The two ships, which for a moment, had run so nearly in parallel lines, that the helmsmen began to hope they would escape running foul, suddenly necked toward each other, and it seemed, for a second, while their yards almost interlocked, as if no earthly power could prevent us from crashing into the merchantmen's bows. The captain of our frigate had leaped like lightning into the rigging, and scanning the chances rapidly as he saw the danger, thundered forth,

"Port—a po—ort,—jam it down."

"Hard up—ha—a—rd—hard as the d—l," came faintly from the merchantman's quarter; and quivering a moment uncertainly, we dashed ahead, just grazed the bowsprit of the stranger, and passed, like a whirlwind, away. We stood, spell-bound, gazing back at the narrowness of the escape, until we had left the stranger far behind, and her shadowy form could just be seen through the fast thickening fog, rolling the yard-arms to the horizon in our rear.

The gale continued with unabated violence for several hours longer; but toward morning it gradually died away, and before noon had entirely subsided. We saw nothing farther of the merchantman.

I was not, meanwhile, without uneasy sensations respecting her fate. She was evidently in a critical situation when we had passed her, and I knew not how she had weathered the gale after we lost her in the distance. Still I had little real cause for alarm; but a lover's fears are always awake, are soon aroused, and not easily quieted. My companions, much as I strove to disguise these emotions, soon penetrated my secret, and kindly avoided any allusion which might be ill-timed.—Their former tone of banter was now dropped, and from a delicate wish to remove my fears without seeming to do so, they praised unwarrantably the high qualities of the merchantman, in which Isabel was embarked. Ah! there is nothing like a mess, especially if formed of high-souled, generous and gallant men.

Despite, however, these uneasy fears, which would often steal upon me, the joviality of our table did not abate a whit, and even formed a source of relief to me. Many a gay sally, many a humorous tale, many a rich and roystering song bore token to the hilarity of our meetings, and whiled away the long hours of the voyage. Few of us but what had seen more or less service, and each one was forced to draw on his memory for its stores. Among these after dinner tales, my own adventures filled their place in turn, and there are those yet living, who will recognise in these sketches, if ever they should meet their eye, the same difficulties and dangers which they once listened to, in "auld lang syne," on board that dear old frigate.

It was there I heard, for the first time, from an eye-witness of that terrible catastrophe, the whole story of poor Somer's ill-fated attempt to blow up the ships in the harbor of Tripoli, which has been lately described, in such graphic language, by our fellow-countryman, Cooper. It was there too, that those speculations about the fate of the Wasp were formed, which supposed that her crew was yet alive, and would ultimately return to America—speculations, alas! which were destined to deceive not only that little mess, but the hundreds of dear beings who watched, for years, broken-hearted, under that hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. Nearly thirty years have rolled away, and yet that gallant crew has not returned. Whether they sleep in the ocean, or lie murdered on the sands of Africa, will never be known until that great day, when in the language of holy writ, "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise."

It was a bright morning when we entered the harbor at Malta, with our national flag floating proudly from our gaff, and our salutes echoed from the fortifications around, as if the old knights that slept beneath the crumbling pavements, were shouting us a welcome.

We anchored in the usual place for ships of our burthen, and then again I thought of Isabel and the merchantman. We had been driven, we supposed, so much farther out of our course than the packet, that we felt sure we should find her at Malta, on our arrival. But we were not long disappointed. Scarcely six hours had elapsed after furling our sails, before we beheld the merchantman entering the harbor, apparently uninjured.—My fears were now at rest. My disappointments were past. I saw before me nothing but happiness, the purest happiness with her I loved.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Teacher and Pupils.

She met them!
She was of those that nature fashions, when
She is in love with Beauty, and desires
That hearts shall soften as they gaze upon
Her handy-work. Her loftiness of brow—
Her eye's fixed brightness—told of brilliant depth,
And power of *glorious mind!* Yet over all
Her features, lingered signs, that speak of love
And sympathy—of feeling's wealth and power,
That brighten life and make a woman's heart
Earth's greatest source of bliss!

She met them!
And they were young and gay—just treading in
That path of life that's ever hemmed with flowers,
And all unmindful of the many thorns
They had to pass. Joy sparkled in their eyes
And mirth and hope like sunbeams gambled on
Their white and careless brows. Their tresses hung
To meet the flinging breeze they borthered with
Their silver voices;—and their fragile forms
Moved like the beings that will haunt our dreams!

She met them!
Pure words of joy were spoken—looks of love
Were truly given; and from rosy lips
The dew of kindly feeling was drank up
As sweet as that on wild Cashmerian flowers
It was a sight that greatly touched my heart,
For I do joy to see one sign of love,
So much of hate, and wrong, and strife I see,
That lay in waste life's *strongest holds of peace!*

Peace to them all!
And may their future meetings here below
Be glad as this! and when life's dreary day
Shall set in Death, oh! may they meet above
Where partings are not known—where friend with friend
May dwell forever in the arms of bliss! S.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

The single gentleman among his other peculiarities—and he had a very plentiful stock, of which he every day furnished some new specimen—took a most extraordinary and remarkable interest in the exhibition of Punch. If the sound of a Punch's voice, at ever so remote a distance, reached Bevis Marks, the single gentleman, though in bed and asleep, would start up, and hurrying on his clothes make for the spot with all speed, and presently return at the head of a long procession of idlers, having in the midst, the theatre and its proprietors. Straightway, the stage would be set up in front of Mr. Brass's house, the single gentleman would establish himself at the first floor window; and the entertainment would proceed with all its exciting accompaniments of fife and drum, and shout, to the excessive consternation of all sober votaries of business in that silent thoroughfare. It might have been expected, that when the play was done, both players and audience would have dispersed; but the epilogue was as bad as the play, for no sooner was the Devil dead, than the manager of the puppets and his partner were summoned by the single gentleman to his chamber, where they were regaled with strong waters from his private store, and where they held with him long conversations, the purport of which no human being could fathom. But the secret of these discussions was of little importance. It was sufficient that while they were proceeding, the concourse without still lingered round the house; that boys beat upon the drum with their fists, and imitated Punch with their tender voices; that the office window was rendered opaque by flattened noses, and the key hole of the street-door luminous with eyes; that every time the single gentleman or either of his guests was seen at the upper window, or so much as the end of one of their noses was visible, there was a great shout of execration from the excluded mob, who remained howling and yelling, and refusing consolation, until the exhibitors were delivered up to them to be attended elsewhere. It was sufficient, in short, to know that Bevis Marks was revolutionized by these popular movements, and that peace and quietness fled from its precincts.

Nobody was rendered more indignant by these proceedings than Mr. Sampson Brass, who, as he could by no means afford to lose so profitable an inmate, deemed it prudent to pocket his lodger's affront along with his cash, and to annoy the audiences who clustered round his door by such imperfect means of retaliation as were open to him, and which were confined to the trickling down of foul water on their heads from unseen watering pots, pelting them with fragments of tile and mortar from the roof of the house, and bribing the drivers of hackney cabriolets to come suddenly round the corner and dash in among them precipitately. It may at first sight be matter of surprise to the thoughtless few, that Mr. Brass, being a professional gentleman, should not have legally indicted some party or parties active in the promotion of the nuisance; but they will be good enough to remember that as Doctors seldom take their own prescriptions, and Divines do not always practise what they preach, so lawyers are shy of meddling with the Law on their own account, knowing it to be an edged tool of uncertain application, very expensive in the working, and rather remarkable for its properties of close shaving, than for its always shaving the right person.

"Come," said Mr. Brass, one afternoon, "this is two days without a Punch. I'm in hopes he has run through 'em all, at last."

"Why are you in hopes?" returned Miss Sally. "What harm do they do?"

"Here's a pretty sort of fellow!" cried Brass, laying down his pen in despair. "Now here's an aggravating animal!"

"Well, what harm do they do?" retorted Sally.

"What harm!" cried Brass. "Is it no harm to have a constant hallooing and hooting under one's very nose, distracting one from business, and making one grind one's teeth with vexation? Is it no harm to be blinded and choked up, and have the king's highway stopped, with a set of screamers and roarers, whose throats must be made of—of—"

"Brass," suggested Mr. Swiveller.

"Ah! of brass," said the lawyer, glancing at his clerk, to assure himself that he had suggested the word in good faith and without any sinister intention. "Is that no harm?"

The lawyer stopped short in his invective, and listening for a moment, and recognising the well known voice, rested his head upon his hand, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and muttered faintly, "There's another!"

Up went the single gentleman's window directly.

"There's another," repeated Brass; "and if I could get a break and four blood horses to cut into the Marks when the crowd is at its thickest, I'd give eighteen pence and never grudge it."

The distant squeak was heard again. The single gentleman's door burst open. He ran violently down the stairs, out into the street, and so past the window, without any hat, toward the quarter whence the sound proceeded—bent, no doubt, upon securing the stranger's services directly.

"I wish I only knew who his friends were," muttered Sampson, filling his pocket with papers; "if they'd just get up a pretty little Commission *de lunatico* at the Gray's Inn Coffee House, and give me the job, I'd be content to have the lodgings empty for one while, at all events."

With which words and knocking his hat over his eyes, as if for the purpose of shutting out even a glimpse of the dreadful visitation, Mr. Brass rushed from the house and hurried away.

As Mr. Swiveller was decidedly favorable to these performances, upon the ground that looking at a Punch, or indeed looking at any thing out of window, was better than working, and as he had been for this reason at some pains to awaken in his fellow clerk a sense of their beauties and manifold deserts, both he and Miss Sally rose as with one accord, and took up their position at the window: upon the sill whereof, as in a post of honor, sundry young ladies and gentlemen who were employed in the nurture of babies, and who made a point of being present, with their young charges, on such occasions, had already established themselves as comfortably as the circumstances would allow.

The glass being dim, Mr. Swiveller, agreeably to a friendly custom which he had established between them, hitched off the brown head-dress from Miss Sally's head, and dusted it carefully therewith. By the time he had handed it back, and its beautiful wearer had put it on again (which she did with perfect composure and indifference), the lodger returned with the show and showmen at his heels, and a strong addition to the body of spectators. The exhibiter disappeared with all speed behind the drapery, and his partner, stationed himself by the side of the Theatre, surveyed the audience with a remarkable expression of melancholy; which became more remarkable still, when he breathed a hornpipe tune into that sweet musical instrument which is popularly termed a mouth-organ, without at all changing the mournful expression of the upper part of his face, though his mouth and chin were, of necessity, in lively spasms.

The drama proceeded to its close, and held the spectators enchained in the customary manner. The sensation which kindles in large assemblies, when they are relieved from a state of breathless suspense, and are again free to speak and move, was yet ripe, when the lodger, as usual, summoned the man up stairs.

"Both of you," he called from the window; for only the one actual exhibiter—a little fat man—prepared to obey the summons. "I want to talk to you. Come, both of you."

"Come, Tommy," said the little man.

"I an't a talker," replied the other. "Tell him so. What should I go and talk for?"

"Don't you see the gentleman's got a bottle and glass up there?" returned the little man.

"And couldn't you have said so at first?" retorted the other, with sudden alacrity. "Now, what are you waiting for? Are you going to keep the gentleman expecting us all day? haven't you no manners?"

With this remonstrance, the melancholy man, who was no other than Mr. Thomas Codlin, pushed past his friend and brother in the craft, Mr. Harris, otherwise Short or Trotters, and hurried before him to the single gentleman's apartment.

"Now, my men," said the single gentleman, "you have done very well. What will you take? Tell that little man behind to shut the door."

"Shut the door, can't you?" said Mr. Codlin, turning gruffly to his friend. "You might have knowed that the gentleman wanted the door shut, without being told, I think."

Mr. Short obeyed, observing under his breath that his friend seemed unusually "cranky," and expressing a hope that there was no dairy in the neighborhood, or his temper would certainly spoil its contents.

The gentleman pointed to a couple of chairs, and intimated, by an emphatic nod of his head, that he expected them to be seated. Messrs. Codlin and Short, after looking at each other with considerable doubt and indecision, at length sat down—each on the extreme edge of the chair pointed out to him—and held their hats very tight, while the single gentleman filled a couple of glasses from a bottle on the table beside him, and presented them in due form.

"You're pretty well browned by the sun, both of you," said the entertainer. "Have you been travelling?"

Mr. Short replied in the affirmative, with a nod and a smile. Mr. Codlin added a corroborative nod and a short groan, as if he still felt the weight of the Temple upon his shoulders.

"To fairs, markets, races, and so forth, I suppose?" pursued the single gentleman.

"Yes sir," returned Short, "pretty nigh all over the West of England."

"I have talked to men of your craft from North, East, and South," returned their host, in rather a hasty manner; "but I never lighted on any from the West before."

"It's our reg'lar summer circuit is the West, master," said Short: "that's where it is. We take the East of London in the spring and winter, and the West of England in the summer time.—Many's the hard day's walking in rain and mud, and with never a penny earned, we've had down in the West."

"Let me fill your glass again."

"Much obleeged to you, sir, I think I will," said Mr. Codlin, suddenly thrusting in his own and turning Short's aside. "I'm the sufferer, sir, in all the travelling, and in all the staying at home. In town or country, wet or dry, hot or cold, Tom Codlin suffers. But Tom Codlin isn't to complain for all that. Oh, no. Short may complain, but if Codlin grumbles by so much as a word—oh dear, down with him, down with him directly. It isn't *his* place to grumble.—That's quite out of the question."

"Codlin an't without his usefulness," observed Short, with an arch look; "but he don't always keep his eyes open. He falls asleep, sometimes, you know. Remember them last races, Tommy."

"Will you never leave off aggravating a man?" said Codlin. "It's very likely I was asleep when five-and-tenpence was collected, in one round, isn't it? I was attending to my business, and couldn't have my eyes in twenty places at once, like a peacock, no more than you could. If I an't a match for an old man and a young child, you an't neither, so don't throw that out against me, for the cap fits your head quite as correct as it fits mine."

"You may as well drop the subject, Tom," said Short. "It isn't particular agreeable to the gentleman, I dare say."

"Then you shouldn't have brought it up," returned Mr. Codlin; "and I ask the gentleman's pardon on your account, as a giddy chap that likes to hear himself talk, and don't care much what he talks about, so that he does talk."

Their entertainer had sat perfectly quiet in the beginning of this dispute, looking first at one man and then at the other, as if he were lying in wait for an opportunity of putting some farther question, or reverting to that from which the discourse had strayed. But from the point where Mr. Codlin was charged with sleepiness, he had shown an increasing interest in the discussion, which now attained a very high pitch.

"You are the two men I want," he said; "the two men I have been looking for, and searching after. Where are that old man and that child you speak of?"

"Sir?" said Short, hesitating and looking toward his friend.

"The old man and his grandchild who travelled with you—where are they? It will be worth your while to speak out, I assure you; much better worth your while than you believe. They left you, you say, at those races, as I understand. They have been traced to that place, and there lost sight of. Have you no clue,—can you suggest no clue, to their recovery?"

"Did I always say, Thomas,"—cried Short turning with a look of amazement to his friend, "that there was sure to be an inquiry after them two travellers?"

"You said!" returned Mr. Codlin. "Did I always say that, that 'ere blessed child was the most interesting I ever see? Did I always say I loved her, and doted on her? Pretty creetur, I think I hear her now. 'Codlin's my friend,' she says with a tear of gratitude a trickling down her little eye; 'Codlin's my friend,' she says—'not Short. Short's very well,' she says; 'I've no quarrel with Short; he means to be kind, I dare say; but Codlin,' she says, 'has the feelings for my money, though he mayn't look it.'"

Repeating these words with great emotion, Mr. Codlin rubbed the bridge of his nose with his coat-sleeve, and shaking his head mournfully from side to side, left the single gentleman to infer that, from the moment when he lost sight of his dear young charge, his peace of mind and happiness had fled.

"Good God!" said the single gentleman, pacing up and down the room, "have I found these men, at last, only to discover that they can give me no information or assistance? It would have been better to have lived on in hope, from day to day, and never to have lighted on them, than to have my expectations scattered."

"Stay a minute," said Short. "A man of the name of Jerry—you know Jerry, Thomas?"

"Oh, don't talk to me of Jerrys," replied Mr. Codlin. "How can I care a pinch of snuff for Jerrys, when I think of that 'ere darling child! 'Codlin's my friend,' she says, 'dear, good, kind Codlin, as is always a devising pleasures for me! I don't object to Short,' she says, 'but I cotton to Codlin.' Once," said that gentleman, reflectively, "She called me Father Codlin. I thought I should have bust!"

"A man of the name of Jerry, sir," said Short, turning from his selfish colleague to their new acquaintance, "wot keeps a company of dancing dogs, told me in a accidental sort of way, that he had seen the old gentleman in connexion with a travelling wax-work, unbeknown to him. As they'd given us the slip, and nothing had come of it, and this was down in the country that he'd been seen, I took no measures about it, and asked no questions—but I can, if you like."

"Is this man in town?" said the impatient single gentleman. "Speak faster."

"No, he isn't, but he will be to-morrow, for he lodges in our house," replied Mr. Short, rapidly.

"Then bring him here," said the single gentleman. "Here's a sovereign apiece. If I can find these people through your means, it is but a prelude to twenty more. Return to me to-morrow, and keep your own counsel upon this subject—though I need hardly tell you that, for you'll do so for your own sakes. Now, give me your address, and leave me."

The address was given, the two men departed, and the crowd went with them, and the single gentleman for two mortal hours walked in uncommon agitation up and down his room, over the wondering heads of Mr. Richard Swiveller and Miss Sally Brass.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Kit—for it happens at this juncture, not only that we have breathing-time to follow his fortunes, but that the necessities of these adventures so adapt themselves to our ease and inclination as to call upon us imperatively to pursue the track we most desire to take—Kit, while the matters treated of it in the last fifteen chapters were yet in progress, was, as the reader may suppose, gradually familiarising himself more and more, with Mr. and Mrs. Garland, Mr. Abel, the pony, and Barbara, and gradually coming to consider them one and all as his particular private friends, and Abel Cottage, Finchley, as his own proper home.

Stay—the words are written, and may go; but if they convey any notion that Kit, in the plentiful board and comfortable lodging of his new abode, began to think slightingly of the poor fare and furniture of his old dwelling, they do their office badly and commit injustice. Who so mindful of those he left at home—albeit they were but a mother and two young babies—as Kit? What boastful father, in the fullness of his heart, ever related such wonders of his infant prodigy, as Kit never wearied of telling Barbara, in the evening time, concerning little Jacob? Was there ever such a mother as Kit's mother, on her son's showing? or was there ever such comfort in poverty as in the poverty of Kit's family, if any correct judgment might be arrived at from his own glowing account!

And let us linger in this place, for an instant, to remark that if ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home, may be forged on earth; but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth, are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of Heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph: the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stone: he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this,—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found,—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in byeways where only Poverty may walk,—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt, and crime, and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast. In hollow voices from Workhouse, Hospital, and Jail, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar, no mere question of the people's health and comforts that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are truer patriots or the best in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce, or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?

Juvenile Department.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

TO THE YOUNG STUDENTS IN GEOGRAPHY.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 12, 18, 9, 5, is a city in Europe
My 21, 14, 2, 12, 8, is a town in Europe
My 7, 13, 10, 11, 17, is a town in Europe
My 4, 18, 12, 14, is a Cape in South America
My 4, 20, 14, is a town in Asia
My 19, 2, 12, 13, is a town in Chinese Empire
My 4, 2, 1, 20, is a City in Asia
My 3, 11, 9, 21, 14 is a town in Asia
My 15, 2, 9, 13, is a Country in Asia
My 12, 20, 10, 11, 15, is a town in Europe
My 5, 2, 17, 3, 18, 14, is a town in Maryland
My 7, 13, 9, 10, 2 is a bay in Florida
My 15, 2, 20, 14, 23, is a Lake in the United States
My 2, 14, 3, 12, 20, 9, is a County in Ireland
My 10, 13, 12, 20, 17, is the Capital of France
My 17, 6, 2, 14, 17, is an Island in the West Indies
My 1, 15, 12, 23, is a bay in the Carabian Islands
My 20, 20, 11, 8, is an Island in the West Indies
My 2, 14, 13, is a town in South America
My 17, 2, 14, 13 is a City in Arabia.
My whole is the name of a most useful society in Ireland.
Ridley, Del. Co. Pa.

Owing One.—"I owe you one," said a withered old Celebs to a lady the other night at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather illnatured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment, for believe me, though an old man, you may still be but a young *gentleman*." Rather equivocal, was'nt it!

TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY the body of all those morbid humors, which are the true cause of disease, is the

ONLY SURE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The author of our existence has provided certain outlets or drains, through which all useless and corrupt humors are expelled from the body. These are the lungs, skin, kidneys and bowels, and so long as they are all kept open and discharge freely their allotted portions of impurity, the body will continue in health; but when from eating impure food, breathing impure air, sudden transitions from heat to cold, or any other cause, the above outlets become closed; it is like stopping the common sewers of a city, and allowing the filth to accumulate in the streets. The results of such conduct would be disease and death.—Just so with the human body, when one or more of the above outlets are closed and morbid humors are allowed to accumulate in the body, disease and death will be the certain consequence.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

will be found the most extraordinary medicine in the world for carrying out the

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors and other impurity, at the same time promote a proper discharge by the lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus it will be seen, by a single operation of this extraordinary medicine, all the

NATURAL DRAINS ARE OPENED,

and those morbid humors, the cause of every variety of disease, are expelled in so easy and natural a manner that the body is restored to health as if By Magic. In addition to the thousands who have used and invariably recommend

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

the following testimonials of respectable citizens of Philadelphia, who have been cured of diseases of apparently opposite character, will prove conclusively that said Indian Pills are

IN TRUTH A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE,

and that while they are perfectly innocent, yet at the same time, they are all powerful in the cure of disease.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This will certify that I was attacked in 1833 with violent pain in the side and breast, accompanied by a distressing cough, palpitation of the heart, and other unpleasant complaints, which not only made life a burthen, but actually brought me to death's door.—During a period of five years I was constantly under the doctor's hands without receiving the slightest relief. I have tried all the popular medicines of the day with no better success. At length my sufferings had arrived at such a height that hope itself had fled, and nothing appeared left for me but resignation and the grave. One of my neighbors, however, who had been cured of a severe attack of liver complaint by the use of THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, prevailed on me to try them, which I finally did, though with but little hope of benefit. Strange, however as it may appear, after the first four doses the cough began to leave me. Being thus encouraged, I resolved to persevere with this astonishing medicine, which, I am happy to say has restored me to a state of sound health. Although two years have now elapsed since using the medicine as above stated, yet I still enjoy good health, and firmly believe that

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

have been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I would earnestly recommend every invalid to make trial of the above valuable medicine, and sincerely believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would be restored to health.

Signed, PETER CHRIST,
Uniontown, Maryland.

RHEUMATISM.

John Burns, living at 98 North Second street, has been several years afflicted with rheumatic pains in various parts of the body. During which time he has tried various remedies, and used outward applications without number, and in all cases with no essential benefit. Was finally induced to make trial of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, a single 25 cent box of which not only gave relief, but after using them a short time, drove every particle of pain from the body.

PAIN IN THE BREAST

cured by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills.

Mrs. Burns was also troubled with pain in the side and breast, cough, difficulty of breathing, general debility, &c. and experienced the same astonishing benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills.

CHILLS AND FEVER.

Charles Moulle, living in Locust street, between Broad and Juniper, has been afflicted several months with chills and fever, which so preyed upon his constitution that he was reduced to a mere shadow. After trying a variety of remedies without receiving any permanent benefit, was prevailed on by an acquaintance who had been cured of a severe cough and pain in the breast by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills, to try them. Is now happy to state that said Pills not only broke the chills and fever, but restored him in every other respect to a state of sound health. Mr. M. is confident that he is indebted solely to the Indian Vegetable Pills for his restoration to health; and is anxious that all similarly afflicted should know of the wonderful powers of this medicine.

DREADFUL SWELLING OF THE SHOULDER.

Ann Weaver, living at No. 189 Spruce Street, was for several months afflicted with a severe pain and swelling of the shoulder, which not only deprived her of the use of the corresponding arm; but her suffering was often so intense that she seemed at times scarcely able to exist. Notwithstanding various outward applications, still the inflammation continued with unabated violence, until an accumulation of matter took place, which actually crowded the shoulder out of place. It is here proper to remark that she had the advice of several skilful physicians, none of whom, however, were able to afford her the slightest relief. At length, when all other means had failed, she, as a last resource made trial of

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

and after using one 25 cent box, the pain was sensibly diminished. It is needless to add, that after using the medicine a few weeks the pain and inflammation subsided. The joint also settled back into its place and the strength of the arm gradually returned. Is confident that a perseverance in the use of the medicine, and a few months rest, would make a perfect cure.

HEADACH AND GIDDINESS.

Charles Hawson, living in Bedford street, between Marlborough and Crown streets, Kensington, has been suffering a long time with pain in the side and breast, headach, giddiness, and many other unpleasant symptoms; has been attended by several physicians, and tried various remedies without the slightest benefit; has been bled, blistered, and cupped, and tortured in every possible manner without receiving other than partial relief. At length, hearing the Indian Vegetable Pills so highly recommended, was prevailed upon by his friends to make trial of them; has now been using them a few weeks, and, to use his own language, has derived more benefit from them than from all the doctor's stuff he has ever taken. Is now entirely free from all kinds of pain, and his general health so greatly improved that his friends hardly know him; he earnestly invites all invalids to call upon him, and thinks he can convince them that said Indian Vegetable Pills will not only restore them to a state of sound health, but that they are the most astonishing medicine ever offered to the public.

COUGH, PAIN OF THE SIDE AND BREAST.

Joseph Bragg, living 275 St. John street, near Poplar Lane, has been a sufferer for eighteen years with pains in the side and breast, difficulty of breathing, cough, costiveness, &c. and for fourty years has been troubled with palpitation of the heart; has been attended by some of the best doctors in the city, and tried various remedies without receiving any substantial benefit. Had finally lost all hope, when, hearing that the Indian Vegetable Pills were performing some

WONDERFUL CURES,

he resolved to give them a trial; although, as he confesses, with but little hope of benefit. Strange as it may appear however, the moment he commenced using said Indian Vegetable Pills, the pain in his side and breast began to disappear; has now used four boxes, and the palpitation is entirely stopped, his pains are nearly all gone, and he feels in every respect like a new man; is confident that perseverance in the use of the medicine is all that is wanting in order to restore him to a state of sound health.

His wife also, Mrs. B. has been afflicted many years with

VIOLENT PAIN IN THE SIDE,

extending through to the shoulder blade, indigestion, costiveness, and many other distressing symptoms; and has received the same extraordinary benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills. Although she has taken only a few doses, the pain in her side is nearly gone, and her health in every respect is greatly improved.

AGENTS.

for the sale of the above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS:
Henry Frees, (grocer,) *Germantown*.
John Zimmerman, *Lancaster*.
James Whitehead, (grocer,) *Manayunk*.
James Hagan, (grocer,) *Norristown*.
James Rhea, (Shoe Dealer,) *corner of South and Second Streets, Southwark*.
Mrs. R. Dodd, (Confectioner,) *Market street, North side between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth*.
Rev. Wm. R. Maxwell, 325 *North Front street, near Laurel, Kensington*.
Samuel Hess, (Grocer,) *corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Pine Streets*.
G. W. Hansell, (Grocer,) *West Philadelphia, near the Permanent Bridge*.
Mr. Fickerton, 44 *Arcade*.
John Dessler, *Frankford Road, near the Railroad Depot*.
OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. sep 12—3m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 15th, 1840.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others, and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long, at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which (amidst all the humbugs which have been advertised in the papers) I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that *it will make the hair grow*, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON.

Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. sep 5—3m

THE special attention of buyers from the South and West, and the State trade, is respectfully invited to the following assortment of GOODS, which the subscriber will dispose of at such prices as will amply repay his friends for calling and examining his stock. To CASH purchasers, at the present time, extra ordinary inducements will be offered.

250 pieces heavy variegated and Spanish matting.
500 pieces Canton matting, assorted 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 white check'd and flower'd.
1000 hearth rugs, a beautiful assortment of Wilton Brussels, Tufted, Turkey, and hemp rugs.
500 pieces woollen, worsted, cotton, hemp, ingrain Venitian and block Carpetings. An elegant variety of Wilton Brussels, Scotch and English, Venitian, Damask, &c. &c.
1000 dozen men and boys caps, comprising a great variety of Fur, Seal, Nutria, Muskrat, and Coney, Hair, Seal, Sealette, and Cloth Caps.
100 dozen Alicant Maps, assorted sizes.
100 do Manilla do do do.
50 do Sheep skin do do do.
30 bales French Baskets, comprising every description.
500 pair Venitian Blinds, ass'd figures and colors.
3000 patent do do do.
1000 nests Cabas or Satchels, ass'd, embossed leather, straw and oil cloth.
5000 dozen Combs, assorted tortoise shell, Brazilian do horn, ivory, brass and wood, comprising a large assortment of every variety.
3000 dozen Whips—assorted wagon, gig, carriage, sulky planters, drovers, riding, or of gut, leather and tassel, with German silver gilt, ivory and bone mountings.
1000 dozen painted Pails, Wilson's brand.
1000 nests cedar Tubs and Buckets; also, Churns, Piggins, Water Cans, &c.

The above together with an extensive assortment of fancy goods, Brittania and German Silver ware, feather and bristle Brushes, Looking Glasses, Mahogany and Gilt Frames, of every size and description, are manufactured, imported, and selected expressly for the Southern, Western, and State trade. J. SIDNEY JONES, No. 10 North 2d street. oct 3 3m

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of GEO. BOADLEY, late of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber, and all persons having claims against said estate will please present their accounts duly authenticated for payment, to

LUKE WHITEHEAD, Administrator,
No. 1 Lagrange street, Philadelphia.
oct 31 6t*